







JOURNAL

OF

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN

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OF

Eugénie De Guérin

EDITED

By G. S. TREBUTIEN

IN TWO VOLUMES
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I.

You are my witness, Lord, that I find consolation nowhere; rest in no creature. — THOMAS À KEMPIS.

10th April (1839), at Nevers.

EIGHT days, eight months, eight centuries, — I don't know what length of time, of endless tedium, since I left thee, my friend, my poor invalid! Is he well, is he better, is he worse? Questions that go on for ever and ever without any reply. Distressing ignorance, hard to endure, — heart ignorance, the only one that causes suffering, or at least that causes us most suffering. It is fine weather, everywhere sunshine, and a flower-scented air which will do thee good. Spring warmth will cure you better than any medicines. I tell thee this out of a hopeful heart, alone in a hermit's chamber, with

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a chair, a cross, and a little table under a little window where I write. From time to time I see the sky and hear the bells, and some passers-by in the streets of Nevers, the dull. Is it Paris that has spoiled me, and made me think everything small and gloomy? Never was there a more deserted, dark, tiresome town than this, spite of the charms that inhabit it, -Marie and her amiable family. There is no charm, however, strong enough to resist certain influences. Oh, despondency! the most malignant, most pertinacious, most at home of all; which when one has driven it out by one door comes back by another; which costs us so much labour to prevent its remaining mistress of the abode. I have tried everything, even bringing out my distaff from the recesses of its case, where it had been since I left the Cayla. This reminded me of the shepherd who, when he got to court, kept the chest in which his crook lay, and was wont, by way of enjoyment, to open it sometimes. I also found some pleasure in seeing my distaff once more and spinning a little. But I was spinning so many things besides! Lastly, I read 'A Voyage to the Pelew Islands,' - a work about as interesting as tow. I was not able to extract thence any antidote to dejection. How it lasts, this inexorable dejection, this groundwork of human life! To endure, and to endure one's self, is the height of wisdom.

A letter at length! A letter in which you are reported better,—a letter from thy friend who has seen and talked with thee, and found thee almost cheerful. O res mirabilis, cheerfulness! provided only it be not put on, that you are not trying to deceive us! Invalids do sometimes play these tricks. But yet why not believe that it really is so? Doubt is good for nothing in any case. What makes me so much esteem your friend is that I do not doubt him, that I believe him unchangeable in friendship and a true man of his word. What makes me love him and want more of his letters is that he stands nearest to thee in heart and mind, and that I see thee in him.

14th. — Letter from thee and from our friend the General, our amiable and kindly visitor, expressing his regrets at having come too late to wish me good-bye. I had set out the moment before. Thus I lost the sight of him, and, alas! so many things besides. This departure, this unexpected separation, is painful in several respects,—is a sort of martyrdom to my heart, my mind, my eyes, that turn continually towards Paris. But thy letter has done me good. It is still you that

I hear; it is from you I hear that you sleep a little, that the appetite begins to sharpen, thy throat to get better. O God, grant that all this be true! How much I ask, desire, and pray for this precious health, both of soul and body! I do not know whether those are the right kind of prayers that are put up with so much human affection, so much constraint, as it were, exercised over God's will. I will that my brother should get well. - that is the ground I take; but 't is ground of confidence, faith, and resignation, as it seems to me. Prayer is a submissive desire. Give us our daily bread, deliver us from evil, thy will be done. The Saviour in the garden of Olivet did only this; wished not, yet accepted. In this acceptance, this free union of the human with the Divine will, lies the sublimest act of a poor creature, the complement of faith, the most intimate participation in the grace which thus flows from God to man, and works wonders. Hence come miracles of healing, which form part of the power of the saints who are one with God in the unity of the Spirit. as says Saint Paul. This is why Marie, loving and believing as she is, has a nine day's devotion performed for thee at Nevers. She has charged her father with this, her father, the saint who is to unite with us thy

sister and friend. Touching mark of interest which brings a man's soul into the midst of afflicted women! I admire the intelligent Christianity of this family, and the good effects resulting from it. How beautiful society would be if composed of what I find here, —intelligence and goodness!

At the Coques. — Loneliness, calm, solitude, recommencement of a life to my taste. Nevers wearied me with its little society, its little women, its great dinners, dresses, visits, and other tiresome things without any compensation. After Paris, — where pleasure and pain, earth and heaven, do at least meet, — all places are empty. The country, nothing but the country, can suit me.

Our caravan left Nevers at twelve o'clock on Monday, an hour when it is pleasant to travel under the gentlest and most brilliant of April suns. I took delight in looking at the green corn-fields, the budding trees, the road-side ditches, which are getting carpeted with grass and flowerets like those of the Cayla. Then came violets on a hedge-bank, and a lark who sang while he soared, like the musician of the party.

18th. — In the room I had in the winter, from whence I see sky and water, the Loire,

the white and long course of the Loire, which forms our horizon here. This is pleasanter to look upon than the Nevers roofs. My love of the country is gratified here by the expanse around me, but I have only the pleasure of the eye. I do not go out; it is imagination that plays the bird and flies off in all directions. I explore the Bourbonnais and Berry; I stop short with delight at the mountains of Auvergne, so snowy at their summits, so fresh, flowery, green, and fertile on their slopes. I seek out Montaigu, whence we originally came; whence so many Knights set out for the Holy Land and other places; whence the Bishop betook himself to give the order for Bouvines (the battle was due to the order of Guérin, Bishop of Senlis, says some chronicler of the period). I traverse the domains and lands of our lordly ancestors. I see herds of cows and sheep, just as in their time; I see brooks running as they then ran, birds singing as they sang. I see everything that used to be seen then, except the masters, poor devils! now making a shift for a livelihood at the Cayla. As for that, one has seen kings turn schoolmasters; there have been reverses in all times and all families, and these material misfortunes are not the heaviest, if we but know the right way of bearing them.

Evening. — A vague feeling of discomfort, a want of appetite which disinclines me for dinner, has won me the pleasure of remaining here while the rest dine, — the pleasure of solitude with God, my books, and thee. I have said my prayers, and placed in my desk a pretty little box given me by Valentine, who has the same loving, giving nature as her mother. This child much resembles her in character, mind, and I fear in health, and I fear in heart too, — both over-tender points in Marie. This casket will always be precious to me as a memorial of the time, the place, many other things besides, and also as being a child's gift. Everything that their little hands touch or give is so full of charm!

My mind has turned to thee the whole day long. I have pillaged your Indian inclosure of roses, poppies, and marigolds. I have followed the traces of cheerful and sad thoughts both, my much-loved invalid. Oh, distance, distance! "How I suffer at finding myself so far from thee!" said a friend to a friend that he had in heaven. And I, who know thee to be in thy sick bed . . .

19th. — Just finished a book that I expected to be more interesting, — a romance chosen from its name, 'The Chamber of Poisons,' which led

¹ In French called "soucis" — anxieties.

me to expect La Brinvilliers, Louis XIV. and his era. Instead of that, a witch, tame toads, horrible things in low places, amidst princes and princesses; Louis the Great, dwarfed, a mean old man, under the finger and thumb of an old woman, and then the Jesuits and other things distorted; and the Duke of Orleans, and the Cardinal Dubois, the prominent characters of the time, who ought to occupy the foreground of the picture, hardly sketched at all. Poisons do not suit me. Let us go on to the 'Physiology of the Passions,' by Doctor Alibert.

No physiology - no key of the library! we have sought for it everywhere, as if it were the golden key; and verily a book is gold for me, a priceless thing in this our desert and famine of the soul. What riddles we are I nothing can content us! To live with Marie, to be with her here in the country, seemed to me a complete happiness: and Marie, this Oriental book, with leaves of gold and letters of pearl, ceases to please. "In all things we find at last a blank, a nothingness; " how often do I hear this sentence of Bossuet! And then this harder saying follows: " Place your happiness higher than the creature." It is always here below we place it, poor birds that we are, on some broken bough, or branch so pliant that it bends with us to the earth. "Oh, what is life? Exile, sorrow, suffering—a holocaust to heavenly hope—an act of faith each day to be repeated! The madman drinks off the full cup; do thou pour thy chalice at thy feet, in sacrifice, and say, 'I thirst indeed, but I thirst for immortality.'"

Walk with Marie in the garden, through the little wood. Read the Journal on returning; danced with Valentine; sung Ay rencountrat ma moi délus, Marie accompanying me on the piano. Day finished; good-night to all, adiou à tu.

20th. - No reading; then try writing, something to fix, to confine, and occupy the spirit. This labour of the hands is not enough; my fingers are not those skilful fairies which enchant certain women amongst their lace and embroidery, - those ten fairies lodged under ten rose-leaves, as some one says of pretty fingers with thin pink nails. I have no roses, nor anything in my hands but a prosaic stocking, which is dropping from them. Marie is singing in the room under me, and I feel that there is something in my head which responds to the music. "Ah, yes! I have something there!" But what to do? what shall it be? Some little book in which I could frame my thoughts, my sentiments, my points of view. This would

serve; here I could throw my life; the overflow of my soul could find its outlet here. If thou wert here, I would consult with thee, and thou should'st tell me what to do. Besides, it might be saleable, and I should then have money enough to come and see thee at Paris. Ah! that would tempt me more than fame! To me, fame would be nothing; my name should remain concealed. Perhaps we might succeed. Some have given me encouragement. M. Andryane, M. Xavier de Maistre, have said things which ought to make my pen fly joyfully and quick as an arrow. But where shall we aim? An object, a purpose, - let but this present itself and I will be tranquil, my spirit shall repose in it.

The bird which seeks its branch, the bee which seeks its flower, the river which seeks its sea, —all these but fly, but run to their repose. So flies my soul, O God, so wanders my intelligence, till it finds its branch, its flower, its outlet. And all these it finds in heaven, where reigns an order infinitely perfect. In heaven, the seat of intelligence, will be fulfilled all intellectual wants. This I believe, this I hope. Only thus can I comprehend existence; for, in this world, shadow of that other, it is but the shadow of happiness we see.

21st. - Sunday; went to mass with the hope of finding a letter on my return. Returned, but found no letter! And a Paris letter is to me everything! I live between the folds of a sheet of paper. Without that, nothing interests me to-day. The sun which I love so much, the nightingale that I have heard for the first time this spring, even M. de Chouland, who was so amiable last winter, and who has returned with the spring the same amiable man, -none of these please me. There are moments when the soul is socially dead, taking part in nothing which surrounds it. My God, sustain me in this struggle with despondency! Courage! courage! Thirty times a day I say this to myself. I say it; do I act it? I know not.

22nd, Morning. — What will happen under this date? I merely set it down, waiting for the postman, and that pain or pleasure, sun or shadow, that makes up the day.

Evening. — No letter! Thought that follows me to my couch, with many others, all sad. To know nothing — how sharply this may engrave itself in the heart! What has happened to you, my poor Maurice? Nineteen days of silence, and you were but a little better, and illness may return, and it may run its fatal

course so quickly! I am glad to see that Saint Theresa, whose 'Esprit' I read here in my bed, had also a brother whom she loved much, to whom she wrote at length and tenderly, speaking to him of all sorts of things, about him and herself. A union of life, of sentiments, of ideas, which shows us that the hearts of saints resemble our own, and that morever God directs them. And now, by the magic touch of a word encountered in these letters, I am transported far away from the convent of Avila, from Spain to Paris, and from Theresa to a quite other woman; - it is a simple ordinary word, an obligez-moi which I used to hear so often in the Indian house. I hear again that most disobliging obligez-moi, and a whole troop of ideas, of recollections, of regrets, of fears, follow on it. Strange power of an accidental word! A sound, a sight, an odour, may suddenly change our whole soul. It is thus the scent of Eau de Cologne always brings back to me the death of my mother, because at the moment she expired they threw this scent over her bed, which was close to mine. They awoke me to this odour and to this agony.

23rd. — Oh, if I were nearer I should know well enough why I do not hear from you! I should go to the Indian house, I should mount

its stairs, I should enter into your chamber, I should draw back the curtains, I should look into that alcove. . . . Oh, what should I see? God knows! See thee pale, sleepless, without voice to welcome me, almost without life. It is thus I see thee, it is thus I find thee here, in this room of mine where I am all alone. Maurice, my friend; Caro, my little sister; and all who ought to write to me, why do you not write? Perhaps thou art too ill, and Caro too occupied; but thy friend d'Aurevilly, why does he keep silent? Do you conspire to afflict me? Ah, no! He waits for better news, or perhaps he also is ill, and you, idle one, think of nothing. In fact, he was suffering from violent headaches, as he lately told me, and these may have changed into a serious malady. A double fear oppresses me. My poor heart has too great a burden to support. Again a word of Saint Theresa's: "It is given us either to die, or suffer."

24th. — How joyous are all things! What life there is in the sun, and how sweet and gentle the air! A letter, news, the dear patient better, and all is changed within me and without. Today I am happy. Word so rare that I underline it. At last this letter has come! I have it there under my eyes, under my hand, in my

heart, everywhere. I am always thus, entirely absorbed in my letter, whether for sadness or for joy. God be thanked to-day for all that I hear of thee, — of thy sleep, of thy appetite, of this promenade in the Champs-Elysées, with Caro, thine angel-guide! The dear and good friend has sent me all this with a friendly detail very touching. It was indeed amiable to put himself thus between a separated brother and sister, to interpret my solicitude, to abridge the distance that disunites us. Always, always shall I feel the obligation, and retain an infinite gratitude for this affectionate service of the most amiable of friends.

Talked a long time with Marie over this letter, and of innumerable things that linked themselves with it. Indeed, one thing so interlaces with another that sometimes we knot the whole world together by a single hair. Thus have we drawn the past from that eternity into which it had fallen, to look at it again between us, between her and me, brought here together in so extraordinary a manner.

What a beautiful vision, what an admirable figure of Christ it is that I perceive in the tapestry opposite my bed! Never have I seen a head more sublime, or an expression more divinely sorrowful than is here given to the

Saviour. And while I admire this, I am also struck with the effect my candle has made, which, standing behind a water-jug, has thrown the shadow of its handle on the tapestry, and this circular shadow has framed into a separate picture three flowers out of the tapestry. It is thus little things lead to great. Children at play discovered magnifying glasses, an accident revealed the telescope, a shadow on a paper led to a picture of a Rubens or a Raphael. The beautiful is not what one seeks, but what one meets with. My tapestry is really beautiful, more beautiful than anything of the kind I have seen at the Exhibition. Some angel has lit up for me, in my solitary chamber, this image of Jesus: Jesus is beneficent to the soul; with Him nothing is wanting and nothing is difficult. Well, let me utilize this image, and obtain aid from it in the task I meditate. To-morrow I will make, for thee, dear Maurice, a pilgrimage which will cost me not many steps, but which will demand a courage of another sort, - a strength of faith. God aiding me, I shall not fail. Picture to yourself no martyrdom. It is but to betake myself to confession to a priest in whom I have no confidence; but he is the only one in the place, and I must confess for the approaching neuvaine. In this act of religion it is necessary to separate the man from the priest, and sometimes to annihilate the former.

Adieu! I go to sleep with these thoughts, and memory of thee and of others.

26th. — Is it possible? Is it not too absurd to utter? No matter. Here all things may be said. This is my depository, my hiding-place. I laugh or meditate at will. At present I laugh over an old shoe; a shoe as magical as Cinderella's slipper, as enchanting as that marvel on Esmeralda's foot, — for has it not fascinated me, and has not the pleasure of holding it in my hands carried me off from the pleasure and purpose I had of writing to M. Xavier de Maistre?

"'Tis not that it was so pretty, So ribboned, and so small,"

for it is old, deformed, and bound with something of my own contrivance which I alone am capable of admiring. Dear old shoe! I would restore you, if I could, to that pristine state, when you elegantly clad the feet, and bore them across delicate carpets, and transported them from gay saloons to the marble of the cathedral, and from the Tuileries to the lawns of Nivernais. Oh, my shoe, thy history would be long, and the history of thy steps in Paris! I might write

many pages, but I should write nothing half so interesting, half so pleasant, as what I read, with smiles, on thy worn-out sole!

I will write to-morrow to M. Xavier.

27th. - There was a time, not many years ago, when the thought of writing to a poet, to a great name, would have enraptured me. If, when I read 'Prascovie' or 'Le Lépreux,' the hope of seeing the author, or of speaking to him, had been given to me, I should have been intoxicated with delight. Oh, youth! oh, youth! now I have seen, written, spoken to such men without emotion, without pleasure, except that of curiosity, which is the lowest in the scale of pleasures. A curiosity which was disenchanted; for one was astonished only to find nothing astonishing. A great man resembles other men so very much. Could I have believed that a Lamartine, that a Le Maistre, had not something in them more than human! I thought thus in my simplicity at Cayla, but Paris dissipated this illusion, with many others. To live on, to see further, is to leave the fairest things behind us. But for all regrets there is consolation in our Christian reason; I say Christian reason, for reason all alone is a great blunderer, and no philosophy of mine.

Letter from thee, letter of convalescence, of vol. 11 - 2

spring, of hope, of something that makes me happy, of a life that revives. Oh, my friend, how I thank thee!

Visit of a lady and her grand-daughter, a young plant already a little faded, pale, bent under a low fever, and by the sadness that follows upon suffering. She is white as alabaster, her lips scarcely tinted, a shade of violet under the eyes, altogether an air of painful but interesting languor. The grandmother has seen much of the world. These ancestors are collections of antiques of all descriptions.

28th. - " Happy those who believe without seeing." Happy, then, those who believe in the infinitesimals of homeopathy! And I am happy who have just taken them under the prescription of Marie. I have more faith, I must confess, in the doctor than in the remedy, and perhaps that faith will serve as well. When I pressed you to make trial of this new mode of cure, it was rather for the régime that accompanies it, than for its infinitely small doses, which must produce infinitely small effects. What can an atom contain, were it fire itself, that could much affect us? I take my atom without conviction, and to please a tender friend, full of solicitude for my health. My real remedy is to do nothing; to trust Dame

Nature, who carries us safely through all but the gravest cases. Health is like children, spoilt by too much care. Many women are victims to this too attentive regard for their little sufferings; they remain tormented by pains which they have caressed too tenderly. Derangements of health, which are but slight evils in the commencement, often become grave maladies, just as faults of character, by being flattered, grow into passions. I will not therefore flatter my present indisposition, and, in spite of the nerves, I will read and write and do everything as usual. It is very potent, that I will, that word of the master-spirit; and I like that saying of Jacotot, Power is will. What a lever, indeed, is this will! The man who uses it can raise the world and himself into the skies. Noble and sacred faculty which makes the great genius, the saint, the hero of either world, the superior intelligence!

Read 'Les Précieuses Ridicules' and 'Les Savantes.' What a man this Molière! I must read more of him.

1st May. — It is to the sweet air of May, to the rising sun, to the radiant and fragrant morning, that my pen is trotting over the paper. It is good, for it and me, to disport in this enchanting nature, amongst flowers, birds, and

verdure, under this wide blue sky of Nivernais. I love much this ever graceful dome, and the little clouds of whitest fleece suspended here and there in its immensity, for the repose of the eye. Our soul shapes itself to what it sees; changes with the horizon, and takes a form and colour from it: I can believe that men in narrow scenes might have narrow thoughts, smiling or sad, severe or gracious, according to the nature which surrounded them. Every plant gathers something from its position, every flower from the vase it hangs in, every man from the country he lives in. Cayla, our beautiful inclosure, had detained me long beneath its verdure, and now I feel myself different to what I was. Marie thinks this a misfortune: I think not: there remains enough of my former self to enable me to resume my past life. Only there will be a new branch, and two plants on the same trunk, like those trees which have been grafted on and where several sorts of blossoms may be seen together.

On a day like this, perhaps at this very instant, Mimi, the saint, is on her knees before her little altar of the month of May. Dear sister, I will join you, and construct a like altar. They have given me for this purpose a chamber which Valentine has filled with flowers. There

I will make my chapel, and Marie and her little girls, and the servants and shepherds of the house, shall unite every evening before the holy Virgin. This month of Mary they do not know here. Some good may result from this novel devotion; some ideas of Christian duty we may infuse into these poor people, while partly amusing them. These popular devotions, by being attractive in their form, offer new facilities for instruction. One drapes the good old truths, and nothing but their smiling heads are seen, which win all hearts in the name of the Virgin and her tender virtues. I love the month of Mary and other amiable devotions which the Church permits and blesses, and which spring round its base as flowers at the root of the oak-tree.

2nd. — Wrote to a father and a mother on the loss of their daughter. Read 'Andryane.' Walk with Marie. Spoke of our brothers, laughed over a bad writer, and ran in under a violent storm, — rain, thunder, wind.

3rd. — Neither have written, nor have wished to write, not even to thee, dear invalid! If this could do thee any good, if I knew where to address it, and could put it in thy hands every day, then, indeed, nothing should prevent me from writing. But only to reach thee at some

future time, - perhaps never, - this thought discourages, represses me. Of what use all these outpourings that I address to thee, if thou wilt never read them, if something - I know not what - is to separate me from Maurice? for I much fear I shall return to Cayla alone. And already so many obstacles and uncertainties rise against this dear journey that I count no longer on it. And God knows when we shall see each other again! Dear friend, must it really be that we live separated, that this marriage, in which I saw as it were a nest for thee, in which I also could join, must divide us further than ever? I suffer much from this already, and how much in anticipation! My hopes and desires have turned to thee more than to all others of my family; I have the misfortune to love thee more than any one in the world; my old happiness has been all linked with thee; and at the close of life, when youth is altogether departed, I have said I should go to Maurice. At every age there is happiness in a great affection; the whole soul can shelter there; alas! that sweet refuge will not be reserved for thy sister! Only towards God shall I have liberty of loving as I feel I can love. Oh for that love that saints have felt!—so consoling, so suffering, so beautiful, one is tempted madly to ask for the heart of

Theresa out of heaven, that we also might be lovers of Christ.

I rise. I will go out. I will read. I will resume, at least, an external calm. Oh, my God!

4th. — These 'Memoirs of Andryane,' which were at first so interesting, disappoint me at the second volume. Perhaps it is my fault, and I am less impressionable. I find these recitals of prison-life wearisome; I, too, drag the chain, but I shall read on. In every book there is something good; there is a gold-dust (as you yourself have said, and perhaps with a better application of the metaphor) thrown everywhere. I have seen this Andryane, the Adonis of republicans; I have now read him, and have found nothing in him so beautiful as his face.

When not talking with Marie I pass almost all my time in reading. Though talking, and loving each other much, two women alone find their solitude very blank,—great desert places in it. Books, books, are the only resource. No, whatever your friend may say, they are by no means to be burnt. That reminds me of our evening of fanaticism, as we called it—alas! how far distant it seems!

Here comes Valentine, happy child! who enters delighted to bring me a cockchafer.

Cries of joy, most joyous to hear, and which make me think of that past age and of pleasures lost. What transports because of a cricket and a blade of grass!

8th. — What is good in these 'Memoirs of Andryane' is the triumph of the soul over adversity, these chains carried nobly, the Christian in captivity deriving force and dignity from God; there is a profession of faith expressed with spirit and pathos. Then the Journal of his sister is full of interest, full of tears. Altogether there is much in the book to affect, and to affect wisely.

Waiting for letters, and no letters either for Marie or me; which threw a cloud on two hearts that beat in unison. Wrote to thee; began a gown; read the first pages of the 'Physiology of the Passions.' The beginning pleases me.

9th. — Wrote to Monseigneur de Nevers; a letter which vexed me at first, but which now gives me pleasure, since by writing it I gave pleasure to another. To-day is the Ascension, one of those radiant festivals of the Church which raise the Christian soul to a world of unknown joys, — there where Saint Paul saw what eye has not seen. My friend, shall we be there one day, thou, I, all whom we love?

Great and terrible question! And if it should not be so, we shall have lost all, and life will have been nothing but illusion! Misery from which God preserve us!

A letter from Caro, the dear sister, which speaks of thee, but not enough; without details, without that minuteness and intimacy which make us see what is not present. This was the charm of M. d'Aurevilly's letters, which I have preferred to all others, for they were full of thee, and told all things well.

Toth. — The letter of Caro has left me with cares and disquietudes about this weakness which hindered thee from rising one morning. This is a bad symptom; how I long that my friend should send me his bulletin! Then shall I know all that regards this dear health. The better and the worse will be given to me with detail and precision. I shall see thee, even to thy veins. Thanks to him, to the friend devoted to my inquietudes!

says M. de Châteaubriand, "I should place it in habit, the uniform habit which binds day to day, and renders almost insensible the transition from one hour to another, from one thing to another, so that everything falls gently upon the soul as if it had been long expected." There is a

repose in this measured life, in this linking together of duties, studies, prayers, hymns, relaxations, that come one after the other to the religious like the successive rings in an endless chain. Such men expect nothing, or they know what they expect; no disquietude, no agitation, no seeking for them. This was no doubt the happiness of M. de Châteaubriand, or of him who said with too much indolence, "It seems to me that, lying on the down of my habits, I need not even give myself the trouble to live." From all which I conclude that it is well to know what we are going to do. Marie, who has a buoyant and butterfly imagination, does not love uniformity, and will not believe that I can do so. It is nevertheless true, and I am conscious of a contradiction and a distress when I cannot do things in their time and order. Without order life is a mere confusion, out of which nothing beautiful, within or without, can grow. There is so great a charm in harmony! And what is harmony but the note that calls another to it and trains another after it?

The 'Soap-bubble,' an Oriental tale, sent me for Valentine.

13th. — "The Queen is the perfection of goodness." In this homage of gratitude, in these words written in a book and written methinks

on your throne as well, I find a sweet encouragement, an incentive to put my hope in your Majesty.

Every French heart has its own; mine, Madame, would be to obtain some gifts for my parish, for our destitute church.

A collecting mission was assigned to me when I came to Paris, and can I better fulfil it than by laying our necessities before one who can understand them all?

In seeing your rich cathedrals, the pomp of St. Roch, where you were, I thought regretfully of our poor little church, and decided to beg in its name from our pious Queen.

This inspiration having doubtless come from God, I follow it; I address it to you, Madame, as to a providence, as to the protectress of faith and divine worship in France.

Royal alms would be very precious to us, and would engrave the name of your Majesty in grains of incense both in the church and in the recollection of the parishioners of Andillac.

It is with their prayers that I venture to lay at your feet the sentiments of their interpreter as well; of her who has the honour to be, Madame, your Majesty's very respectful and faithful, etc., etc.

16th — An émeute, bloodshed, roar of cannon,

rumours of death! Tidings that fall like a thunderclap in our solitude and calm way of life. Maurice, Caro, my Paris friends, I am anxious; I seem to see you on a volcano. My God! I have just written to Caro, and begun a few words to M. d'Aurevilly, my other brother in interest.

18th.—No letter yesterday, nor any writing here. I did nothing but wait, wait for a disappointment. Sad ending this for a day of hope, which comes back to-day; there is no estranging her from the heart, deceiver that she is!

I am going to read, but what shall I read? The choice of books is as perplexing as that of men; there are few that are true and agreeable.

19th.—A letter from Louise, full of interest in thee; nothing but heart, intellect, and charm from one end to the other. She has a way of saying things which is to be met with only among those Rayssac rocks. It is solitude that does it; ideas spring up therein, unlike anything in the world,—fresh, attractive as flowers or mosses. Charming Louise, how much I love her! This time I find in her a degree of calm and an absence of illusions that surprises me, she who is so full of them in general. I am going to join the other Louise, who so much

resembles this one, do you not think so? and who also prays and gets others to pray for your recovery. "The other day," she writes me word (Louise of Rayssac), "that I was at the Platée, my aunt's parish, I went up to a holy maiden lady who lives in that church from morning to evening, and who has a great reputation for sanctity. I raised a corner of her black veil and said in a very low voice, 'Your pardon, Mademoiselle; I wanted to request your prayers for a young man who is ill, the brother of the person I love best on earth.' 'Well, then, I will pray,' she replied, with an air of modesty which gave still greater confidence to my request. I have not seen her since."

Was not this a pretty instance of piety, my friend, this young girl going about soliciting prayers for thee, with a look of heavenly interrest? She is charming. Angels would give her all she wished.

21st. — My happiness, my enjoyment, my delight, to write in the sunshine, listening to the birds.

It was not to last very long, the beauty of this morning. Alas! my friend, a letter from Caro has come, speaking in so sad a tone of thy health that I am quite overwhelmed by it. He coughs, he coughs still! Since then, these words echo

round, go where I will; a heartbreaking though pursues me, passes and repasses, within, without, and then drops down on a churchyard; I cannot look at a green leaf without thinking how soon it will fall, and that it is then the consumptive die. My God! remove these forebodings from me; cure me this poor brother! What ought I to do for him? Impotent affection! All that I can do is to suffer for thee.

22nd. — If ever you read this, my friend, you will have an idea of a permanent affection, that something for some one which occupies you when you go to bed, when you rise, throughout the day and always; which makes sadness or joy, the motive power and centre of the soul. - In reading a work on geology, I came upon a fossil elephant in Lapland, and a canoe disinterred in l'Ile des Cygnes, in digging for the foundations of the Pont des Invalides. There I am on the elephant, in the canoe, making the circuit of the Northern Seas, and of the Swan Island, seeing those places as they were in the time of these things. Lapland warm, green, and peopled not with dwarfs, but with tall, handsome men, with women riding about on elephants through those forests and hills, all petrified nowadays; and then the Swan Island, white with flowers and down; oh, how beautiful I think it! And

its inhabitants, who are they? What are they doing in this corner of the globe? Descended like me from the exile of Eden, do they know his birth, life, fall, his lamentable and marvellous history, that Eve for whom he lost heaven, so much happiness and unhappiness both, so much hope in their faith, such tears shed over their children, so many and many things that we know, and that perhaps were known before by this people of whom nothing but a plank remains? Wrecks of humanity of which God alone takes cognizance, the very fragments of which He has hid away in the depths of the earth, as though to guard them from our curiosity! If He permits something of them to emerge, it is to teach us that this globe is an abyss of misery, and that all we gain by stirring its depths is the discovery of funereal inscriptions, and burying-places. Death is at the bottom of everything, and we keep continually digging as though we were seeking for immortality.

A letter from Félicité, which gives no better account of thee. When will they write, — they who know more about the matter? If they could see a woman's heart beat, they would have more compassion for it. Why are we so made that a desire consumes us, a fear shatters, an expectation haunts, a thought engrosses, and

all that touches makes us shudder? Remembrance of letters, post-time, the sight of a paper, — God knows how much I go through from them all! The solitude of the Coques will have witnessed much connected with thee. My sweet friend, my sister in grief and affection, is there, on one hand for my comfort, on the other to sadden me, when I see her suffer, and have to hide my sufferings to spare her sensitiveness.

24th. - Growing uneasiness and terror; a letter from M. de Frégeville, who thought thee worse. My God! must I thus learn, as it were accidentally, that I may lose thee? no one nearer than a stranger speak to me about thee, tell me that he has seen thee for me? When thus at a distance nothing is so killing as silence. It is death anticipated. My friend, my brother, my dear Maurice, I know not what to think, to say, to feel. After God, it is only in thee that I live, like a martyr, live in suffering. But what would that signify if I could offer it up to redeem thee; if I could plunge into a sea of sorrow to save thee from shipwreck? All redemption is effected by suffering: accept mine then, O God! unite it with that of the sisters of Lazarus, unite it with that of Mary, with that sword that pierced through her soul

beside her expiring son; accept it, my God! strike, cut away what Thou wilt in me, but let there be a resurrection!

25th. — The postman has passed without leaving anything for me. The same doubts and uncertainties, the same encroaching terrors! To know and not to know! State of indescribable anguish! And here is the end of this book: my God! who will read it?

Who was to read it? As Eugénie de Guérin fore-saw, it was not to be Maurice, who, brought back by her with great difficulty to the Cayla, faded away there in less than two months from the date of this page, on the 19th of July, 1839. The touching narrative of the last moments of this tenderly-loved brother will be found in one of the following books.

H.

Still to Him;

To Maurice dead, to Maurice in heaven!

He was the pride and the joy of my heart.

Oh, how sweet a name, and how full of tenderness, is that

of brother!

Friday, 19th of July, at half-past eleven, eternal date!

21st of July (1839).

N^O, my friend, death will not separate us, will not take thee out of my thoughts. Death only separates from the body; the soul, instead of being there, is in heaven, and this change of place in no way impairs its affections. - Far otherwise, I hope; one must love better in heaven, where everything becomes divine. Oh, my friend. Maurice, Maurice! art thou far from me? dost thou hear me? What are they, those abodes that hold thee now? what that God, so glorious, mighty, and good, who, by the ineffable vision of Himself, makes thee happy, while unveiling for thee eternity? Thou seest what I expect; possessest what I hope for; knowest what I believe. Mysteries of another life, how profound, how terrible ye are! sometimes, how sweet! Yes, very sweet, when

I reflect that heaven is the place of happiness! Poor friend, thou hadst scarcely any of it here below; thy short life had no time for rest. O God, sustain me! establish my heart in faith. Alas! I have not enough of this support. How we watched, and caressed, and kissed thee, thy wife, and we thy sisters, - dead in thy bed, thy head lying on a pillow, as though thou wast sleeping! Then we followed thee to the cemetery, to the grave, thy last bed, - wept and prayed; and here we are, I writing to thee as if during an absence, as when thou wert in Paris! My friend, is it true? shall we never see each other again anywhere on earth? Oh, as for me, I will not leave thee! A sweet something appertaining to thee seems present with me still, calms me, prevents me from weeping. Sometimes tears come in torrents; then the soul gets parched. Is it that I do not regret him? All my life will be one of mourning; mine a widowed heart, without any intimate union. I am very fond of Marie, and of my remaining brother, but not with the same sympathy as between us. Received a letter of thy friend d'Aurevilly for thee. Heartrending letter which arrived to reach thy coffin! How this made me realise thy absence! I must leave off; my head will not bear it; sometimes I feel

my brain reel. Why will not tears come? I would drown everything in them.

22nd. — Saint Magdalen's to-day; she to whom much was forgiven, because she loved much. How this thought, which occurred to me while we were hearing mass said for thee, consoled me as to thy soul! Oh, that soul will surely have been pardoned! Oh, my God, I can recall a whole period of faith and love which will not have been lost before thee!

"Where Eternity abides Even the Past may be recovered."

A virtuous past, more especially, which must cover present weaknesses and errors! Oh, how that world, that other world, where thou art, occupies me now! My friend, thou liftest me on high; my soul detaches itself more and more from earth; death, I believe, would be welcome to me.

eternity in this world! Visits from my Aunt Fontenelles, Eliza, M. Limer, Hippolyte, Thérèse; all persons, alas! who were to have come for a joyous wedding party, and who are here for a funeral. Good-night, my friend. Oh, how we all prayed this morning on thy tomb,—thy wife, thy father, and thy sisters!

Visitors; always visitors! Oh, how sad to see the living, to enter into conversation, to return to the ordinary course of things, when for the heart everything is changed! My poor friend, what a blank you have left me! Everywhere to see thy place, and not to find thee there! . . . These girls, these young men, our relations, our neighbours, who at this moment fill the drawing-room, gathered around thee dead, — they would have surrounded thee living and joyous; for you used to take pleasure in them, and their youthful mirth enlivened you.

A touching letter from the Abbé de Rivières, who mourns thee as a friend; and a similar letter from his mother to me, containing the tenderest expressions of regret, — a mother's sorrow blent with mine. Oh, she knew that thou wert the son of my heart!

On the return of . . .

[No date.] — I do not know what I was going to say yesterday when I broke off. Always tears and regrets! This does not pass away; on the contrary, profound sorrows are like the in-flowing sea, ever advancing, scooping out the ground more and more. Eight nights this evening that thou hast rested, down yonder at Andillac, in thy bed of earth. O God, my God, console me! Help me to look and hope

far beyond the tomb, higher than where the body has fallen. Heaven, heaven! Oh that my soul may rise to heaven!

A great influx to-day of letters that I have not read. What is there to read in them? Words that say nothing. All human consolation is empty. How painfully I experience the truth of these words of the 'Imitation.' Thy nurse has come, poor woman, all tears, and bringing cakes and figs that thou would'st have eaten. What anguish those figs gave me! The very least pleasure that might have been thine seems to me immense. And the sky so beautiful now, and the grasshoppers, the field-sounds, the cadence of the flails on the threshing-floor, all this, which would have delighted thee, tortures me. In it all I see death. This woman. this nurse, who watched thee and held thee in illness for a year on her lap, has given me a greater shock than a winding-sheet would have done. Heartrending apparition of the past, cradle and tomb. I could spend the night with thee here on this paper, but the soul needs prayer; the soul will do thee more good than the heart.

Each time that my pen rests here, a sword pierces my heart. I do not know whether I shall continue to write or not. Of what use is

this Journal? for whom? Alas! and yet I love it as one loves a funeral urn, a reliquary in which is kept a dead heart, all embalmed with sanctity and love. Such seems this paper where I still preserve thee, my so beloved one; where I keep up a speaking memory of thee; where I shall meet with thee again in my old age, - if I live to be old. Oh, yes, the days will come when I shall have no life but in the past; that past shared with thee, spent beside thee, young, intelligent, lovable, raising and refining whatever approached thee, - such as I recall thee, such as thou wert on leaving us. At present I do not know what my life is, - if, indeed, I do live. Everything is changed within and without. Oh, my God, how heartrending these letters are! - these letters of the good Marquis, and of thy friend more especially. Oh, these last, how they have made me weep! They contain so many tears for my tears! intimate friend of thine touches me as would a sight of thyself. My dear Maurice, all thou hast loved are dear to me, - seem a portion of thee. Brother and sister shall I and M. d'Aurevilly be; he calls himself my brother.

Read the 'Confessions of Saint Augustine' at the page where he describes the death of his friend. Found a charm of truthfulness, a forcible expression of sorrow, in this passage, which has done me good. The saints always knew how to blend something consolatory with their tears.

28th. — Nothing is so poignantly felt as the return of the same persons at different times; the seeing again in sorrow those who had brought one joy. Her aunt, Caroline's aunt, she who two years ago brought thee thy betrothed, has arrived, — is here where thou art not. . . .

4th August. - On this day came into the world a brother that I was to love much, and weep much. Alas! these often go together. I saw his coffin in the very spot in the very room where I can remember as a child to have seen his cradle, when they brought me back from Gaillac, where I was staying, for his baptism. That baptism was a gay one, a perfect festival, much more than that of any of the rest of us; markedly different, indeed - I amused myself a great deal, and went back the next day, very fond of the little new-born infant. I was then five, and two years later I returned, bringing him a frock that I had made him. I put it on him, and led him by the hand along the northern inclosure, where he took a few steps alone, his first, which I ran off very joyously to announce to

my mother, — "Maurice has walked alone!"
Remembrances which come to me now all steeped in tears.

6th. - A day of prayer and pious consolation: a pilgrimage of thy friend, the holy Abbé de Rivières, to Andillac, where he said mass, and came to pray with thy sisters beside thy tomb. Oh, how this touched me! how in my inmost heart I blessed this pious friend kneeling on thy remains, whose soul far beyond this world soothed thine in suffering, - if indeed it suffers! Maurice, I believe thee in heaven. Oh, yes, I have this confidence, given me by thy religious sentiments, inspired by the mercy of God. God who is so good, so compassionate, so loving, so fatherly; will He not have had pity and tenderness for a son returned to Him? Oh, there are three years that afflict me; I would efface them with my tears. My God, so many supplications have been made! My God, Thou hast heard, Thou hast granted them! Why art thou sorrowful, oh, my soul; and why art thou so disquieted within me?

13th.—I feel a want to write, to think; a want to be alone, and not alone, with God and thee. I find myself isolated in the midst of all the rest. Oh, living solitude, how long thou wilt be!

17th. - Began to read 'Holy Desires of

Death,' a book that suits my taste. My soul lives in a coffin. Oh, yes, buried, - interred in thee, my friend; just as I used to live in thy life, I am dead in thy death, - dead to all happiness, all hope here below. I had staked everything, as a mother does on her son; I was less sister, indeed, than mother. Dost thou remember that I used to compare myself to Monica weeping over her dear Augustine, when we spoke of my distress about thy soul, that dear soul in error? How I had asked thy salvation of God; how I had prayed, implored! A holy priest once said to me, "Your brother will come back." Oh, he did come back, and then he left me for heaven, - for heaven I hope. There were evident signs of grace, of mercy in this death. My God, I have more cause to bless Thee than to complain. Thou madest him one of the elect by sufferings that redeem; by acceptation and resignation that merit; by faith that sanctifies. Oh, yes, faith had revived in him fervent and profound; this was evident in his religious acts, his prayers, his readings, and in that kiss to the cross given by him with so much love and emotion a short time before he died. Oh, I who saw him do this, I who watched him so closely in his last actions, I said, my God. I said that he was going to Paradise. Thus end all those who depart to the better life.

Maurice, my friend, what is heaven, that home of love? Wilt thou never give me a sign from thence? Shall I never hear thee, as they say the dead are sometimes heard? Oh, if thou art able, if there exist any way of communication between this world and the next, return! I should not be afraid if some evening I saw an apparition, something from thee to me, we who were so united. Thou in heaven and I on earth! Oh, how death separates us! I write this in the little room, that little room so beloved, where we have talked together so much, we two alone. There is thy place, and beside it mine. Here lay thy portfolio, so full of secrets of the intellect and the affections, - so full of thee and of things which decided thy life. I believe it: I believe that circumstances have had an influence over thy existence. If thou hadst remained here, thou would'st not be dead. Dead! dreadful and only thought of thy sister.

20th. — Yesterday I went to Cahuzac to hear a mass for thee in unison with the one that the Prince of Hohenlohe was offering up in Germany to request thy recovery from God; requested, alas! too late. A fortnight after thy

death, the answer has come to bring me grief instead of hope. How I regret not to have thought before of this means of deliverance which has saved so many others! It was on the authority of well-authenticated facts that I had recourse to the holy wonder-worker, and I had such full faith in the miraculous. My God, I believe in it still; I believe in it weeping. Maurice! a flood of sadness has swept over my soul to-day. Every day increases thy loss, increases my heart's capacity for regret. Alone in the wood with my father, we sat down in the shade speaking of thee. I was looking at the place where you came to sit two years ago, the first day, I think, that you went out at all. Oh, what recollections of illness and recovery! I am sorrowful unto death. I want so to see thee. I am continually praying God to grant me this grace. Is the sky, the heaven of souls, so far from us, the heaven of time from that of eternity? Oh, profundity! oh, mysteries of that other life that separates us! I who was always so anxious about him, who wanted so much to know everything, - wherever he may be now there is an end to that. I follow him into the three abodes: I stop at that of bliss; I pass on to the place of suffering, the gulf of fire. My God, my God, not so! Let not my brother be

there, let him not! He is not there. What, his soul—the soul of Maurice—among the reprobates!... Horrible dread, no! But in purgatory, perhaps, where one suffers, where one expiates the weaknesses of the heart, the doubts of the soul, the half-inclinations to evil. Perhaps my brother is there, suffering and calling to us in his pangs as he used to do in bodily pain, "Relieve me, you who love me!" Yes, my friend, by prayer. I am going to pray. I have prayed so much, and always shall. Prayer! oh, yes, prayers for the dead; they are the dew of purgatory.

Sophie has written to me, — Sophie, that friend of Marie's, who loves me for her sake, and seeks to console me. But nothing human consoles. I wish I could go into Africa to devote my life to some one or other, to employ myself in the conversion of the Arabs in the establishment of Madame Vialar. My days would not then seem to me as empty and useless as they now do. That idea of the convent, which had left me, had receded before thee, begins to return.

The rose-tree, the little Coques rose-tree, has flowered. How much sadness, how many fears and memories open out with these flowers, held in that vase given by Marie, which we took

away on our travels with us in the carriage from Tours to Bordeaux. That rose-tree gave you pleasure; you liked to see it and think where it came from. I could see that; and how pretty its little buds and little leaves were!

22nd. — Put on the old-fashioned ring that you took and put here two years ago; that ring which made us laugh so often when I used to say to thee, "And the ring?" Oh, how sad it makes me now to see it, and how I love it! My friend, to me everything is a relic of thee.

Death will clothe us again with everything. Consolatory words that I have just been meditating on, which clothe my heart with hope, — poor despoiled heart that it is.

How I love his letters, his letters that come no longer! My God, accept what I suffer from this, and all the sorrows of this affection. Thou seest that I am in trouble about that soul, uneasy about its salvation,—that I would suffer martyrdom to procure him heaven! Answer my prayers, my God; enlighten, attract, touch that soul so made to know and to serve Thee! Oh, what grief to see wander in error such fine intellects, such noble creatures, beings formed with so much predilection, in whom God seems to have put His delight as in well-beloved ones,

most completely made in His image | Ah, how much are they to be pitied; how often my soul weeps over them with Jesus, who came to save them! I would have all saved, would have all profit by the redemption which extends to the whole human race. But the heart has its own elect, and for these one has a hundred times more desires and fears. This is not forbidden. Jesus, hadst not Thou Thyself Thy beloved John, of whom the apostles used to say that Thy love would prevent him from dying? Grant that they may always live, those I love; may live of life eternal! Oh, it is for this, not for here below, that I love them! Hardly, indeed, alas! do we see anything of each other here. I used only to have glimpses of him; but soul abides in soul.

25th. — Depression and communion; wept in God; wrote to thy friend; read Pascal, the wondrous thinker. I have gleaned this thought on the love of God, whom we love without knowing: The heart has its reasons that the reason does not understand. I have very often felt this.

26th. — A few drops of rain fallen on the scorched earth. Perhaps there will be a storm to-night, made up of these vapours. Let it thunder, let there be bursts of wind and rain; I

would have noise, agitation, anything but this crushing calm. If I were to write his life; that life so young, so rich, so rare, connected with so many events, so many interests, so many hearts! There are few such lives.

27th. — I do not know if, but for my father, I should not perhaps go and join the sisters of Saint Joseph, in Algeria. At least my life would be useful. What can I make of it now? I had placed it in thee, poor brother! You used to tell me not to leave you. Yes, indeed, I did remain close beside thee, to see thee die. An ecce homo, the man of sorrows; all others fall short of that one. Sufferings of Jesus, holy desires of death, holy thoughts and meditations! Wrote to Louisa as well as to Marie; it does good to write to her. And he, thy brother, why then does he not write to me? Can he, too, be dead? My God, how silence frightens me just now! forgive me all my terrors. What has the soul to fear that is united to Thee? Do I not, then, love Thee, my God, only and true and eternal love? It seems to me that I do love Thee, as the timid Peter said he did; but not like John, who could fall asleep upon Thy heart. Oh, divine repose that I lack? What do I go seeking in the creature! Would I make myself a pillow of a human breast? Alas! I have seen

how death takes it from us. Rather let me lean, O Jesus, on Thy crown of thorns!

28th. — Saint Augustine to-day, the saint who so tenderly wept over his friend, and because he had loved God so late! Let me not have both these regrets; oh, let me not have this double-edged anguish, which would cleave my soul to death. To die without love is to die in hell. Divine love, the only true! All others are but shadows.

Dejection, a load of sorrow; let us try to lift away this mountain of sadness. What is to be done? Oh, how ignorant the soul is! We must attach ourselves to God, to Him who can raise both the vessel and the ocean. Poor bark that I am upon a sea of tears!

I will note down a thought daily. Here is that of to-day: "It is a terrible thing to feel what we possess continually gliding away, and yet to attach ourselves to it without desiring to seek for something permanent." Read a great deal; attended to little birds that had been brought to me, without any pleasure in it, merely out of pity; all my affections are dead, all, except the one that Death has taken from me.

29th. — Man is a thinking reed.
30th. — How pleasant it was this morning

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under the vine; that vine with the white grapes that you used to like so much! On finding myself there, on placing my foot where thine had trod, sadness filled my soul. I sat me down under the shade of a cherry-tree, and there, thinking of the past, I wept. Everything was green, fresh, gilded with sunshine, exquisite to the sight. These approaches of autumn are beautiful, the temperature less excessive, the sky more clouded, hues of mourning setting in. All this is so dear to me; I feast my eye thereon, I let it make its way into my heart, which turns everything to tears. Seen alone, it is so sad. Thou, thou seest heaven! Oh, I do not pity thee! The soul must taste ineffable raptures:—

"Ecstatic as a man born blind, when first
The daylight on his wond'ring vision burst."

say now and what I should say were he living! My God, everything is changed within me and without! Death spreads a blackness over everything. Wrote to Misy on the death of her uncle, Jules de Roquefeuil, who, quite young, has vanished from this world. On all sides tombs are opening.

"This strange secrecy into which God has withdrawn, impenetrable to the eye of man, is

a great lesson to incline us to solitude far from all human eyes."

- "Man is so made, that, by dint of telling him that he is a fool, he comes to believe it; and by dint of saying so to one's self, one believes it. . . ."
- "... God created man with two loves: one for God, the other for himself.... Sin having supervened, man has lost the first of these loves; and self-love alone remaining in that wide soul capable of an infinite love, this self-love has extended and overflowed into the void that the absence of God's love has left." 1

It rains; this rain which refreshes fields and woods falls on the earth that covers thee, and dissolves thy remains in the churchyard yonder at Andillac. How thankful one is to think that there is something in man which destruction cannot reach!

"But, alack!

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love, To have them fall no more."

If one did not know that this thought was Shakespeare's, one would attribute it to Fénélon. Oh, I know to whom I apply it!

5th September. — A letter from Marie, the unhappy Marie, who every day repeats the

1 Pensées de Pascal.

funeral service. So it is with the heart of a woman; even in turning to God it is influenced

by its affections.

9th. — Discouragement takes hold of me with regard to everything in life. I shall not go on writing. What is the use of this memorandum? Why keep it up, since it is not for him? When he lived I found my support in him; I had my pleasure in the idea of giving him pleasure. This done away with, what remains in any such human amusements, books, thoughts, poetry? Nothing except their own value, which is naught.

Wrote to Marie, another and still living poetry. I tell her, "Believe that you are loved

by the most completely dead heart."

25th. — Again to Marie.

30th. — To my Paris brother; the brother of him in the tomb.

No more writing here, no more thoughts; the illusion is no longer possible; at every word, every line, I feel that he is not there to read what I say. My God, I had such a habit of telling him everything; I loved him so fondly! "The greatest affliction in life is the breaking of its relations." Oh, how I feel the truth of these words which had struck me in a book at the Coques!

I want heaven.

It is not for nothing that we shall nave met in life. I will endeavour, O my God, to turn them to Thee!

"I would the sky were all o'erspread with a funereal veil,
That a dark cypress wood should rise to cover all
the earth,

That day itself should henceforth be only an evening pale.

"A wandering gazelle
Is hid in yon tower away,
And the swallow sings there well,
Sings there all the night and day."

3rd October. — Wrote to Paris. Oh, what an anniversary this of my departure of last year! Shall I tell here all the memories that occur to me, — tears, regrets, a lost past, so soon changed into mourning? My heart is full; it would fain weep. — Maurice, Maurice, presentiments are true, are they not? When I think of those which tormented me on my way, and in Paris, and on the wedding-day, and which have been accomplished! I used to dream of death. I only saw funereal hangings in that saloon where they were dancing; where I, too, danced in my sadness, for I wanted to get rid of those thoughts.

Yet is it not lost time to recall these things?

O my God, I am alone before Thee I I might do better than to sorrow. Art not Thou there to be my hope, my consolation,—to show me a better world where my brother dwells?

4th. — I wanted to send his friend two pomegranates from the tree about the roots of which he dug a few days before his death. That was his last effort on earth.

6th. - At this very hour, twelve o'clock, the first Sunday in October, I was in Paris, I was in his arms, Place Notre Dame des Victoires. A year ago, my God! How struck I was with his thinness, his cough; I who had dreamed of him as dead on my journey! We went together to Saint Sulpice, to the one o'clock mass. To-day to Lentin, in rain; to-day poignant memories and solitude. . . . But, my soul, be thou satisfied with thy God, whom thou hast received in that little church. He is thy brother, thy friend, the beloved Sovereign whom thou wilt never see die; who will never fail thee either in this life or the next. Let us comfort ourselves by this hope and by the knowledge that in God we find again all that we have lost. If I could go hence on high; if I felt heave within my breast that sigh which is the last, that breath of the dying which carries the soul to heaven, oh, I should not much regret life! But

then life is a probation, and is mine long enough; have I suffered enough? When we betake ourselves to Calvary, we see what it costs to reach heaven. Oh, many tears, agonies, thorns, the vinegar and the gall! Have I tasted of all these? My God, take away from me all complaining; sustain me in silence and resignation at the foot of the cross, with Mary and the women who loved Thee.

19th. — Three months to-day since that death, that separation! Oh, the sorrowful date, which, nevertheless, I will note down each time it comes round! There is for me so tender and attaching a sadness in this return of the 19th, that I cannot see it without marking it in my life, - since I do take note of my life. Oh, what indeed should I have to record now, did I not record my tears, my memories, my regrets for what I have best loved? This is all you will get, oh, you who wish me to go on with this Journal, these books, my every day at Cayla. I was going to give them up, there was too much bitterness in speaking to him in his grave; but since you are there, my living brother, and take pleasure in hearing me, I continue my intimate communications, I link again with you what death had snapped. I will write for you as I wrote for him. You are my brother by

adoption, the brother of my heart. In this there is illusion and reality, consolation and sadness, Maurice everywhere. It is then on this day, the 19th of October, that first I date for you, and that I mark this day as an epoch in my life, my isolated, solitary, unknown life, which goes out toward some one in the world, toward you in Paris, pretty much, as I believe I told you, as if Eustochia, from her Bethlehemite desert, had written to some gay Roman noble. The contrast between us is remarkable, but does not surprise me. Some one, a woman, told me that in my place she should find herself very much embarrassed in writing to you. As for me, I cannot see why I should be so. Nothing hampers me with you, - in fact, no more than with Maurice; to me you are him, both to the heart and the intellect. That is the stand-point of our intimacy.

20th. — What a beautiful autumn morning! A transparent atmosphere, a radiantly calm sunrise, masses of clouds from north to south, clouds of such brilliancy, of a colour at once soft and vivid, gilded fleece on a blue sky. It was beautiful, beautiful! I regretted to be the only one to see it. I thought of our painter and friend M. Augier, he who feels so keenly, and so readily admits the beautiful into his

artist-soul. And then Maurice, and then you, I would fain have seen you all under my Cayla sky; but are we ever to meet again on earth?

In going to Posadou I wanted to gather a very pretty flower, but left it for my return, and then took another way! So adieu to my flower. If I were to return now, where would it be? Another time I will not leave my flowers on the road; and yet how often we do this in life!

This is Sunday. Again saw at Andillac that tomb quite green with grass already. How fast it has sprouted! How soon life seizes upon death, and how sad this seems to our sight! How heartbreaking would it be without that faith which tells us that we are to live again, to come forth from those cemeteries in which we seem to disappear!

21st. — Thunder, storm, tempest raging without, but calm within, — that dead-sea calm which, as well as agitation, has its own suffering. Repose is good only in God; that repose of holy souls who have come out of life before their death. Happy escape! I yearn intensely for all that is heavenly; the reason is, that here below everything is vile and laden with a burden of earth.

Read some pages of a journey in Spain. Singular population of brigands and monks! The monks have fallen; what is left behind? We see; murderers. Don Carlos at Burgos; the heir of Ferdinand the Catholic driven from throne and kingdom both, a prisoner in France! This book interests me. It is the graceful journal of a pleasant traveller who chats as he goes along, and paints everything he meets with the good taste and ease of a man of the world. Heavy descriptions kill me: accordingly, I like M. de Custine, who amuses me, although he too is a little long sometimes; but it is like the length of a ball. And then, so few books come to Cayla, that, if they are capable of pleasing at all, they please very much.

22nd.—A letter from Marie; from Marie my sister, who, with Erembert, has left me for a few days. Here I am alone with my father. How reduced our family is, and how I tremble in thinking that the circle may narrow still further!

Read some passages of 'Holy Desires after Death,' a piously clever book that I like, a kind of reading that lifts one heavenward. I need it for my soul, which falls, sinks beneath the weight of life. We may indeed divert ourselves in the world, but the things pertaining to faith alone sustain. How I pity the sorrowful souls who do not know this, or will not believe it! I used to speak so much on this subject to Maurice! I speak of the things of eternity to all whom I love, for you see I do not love them for this world: it would not be worth while; it is heaven that is the home of love.

24th. — Neither reading, writing, nor prayer can prevent tears to-day. My poor Maurice! I took to thinking over all that he suffered, both physically and mentally, during the last days of his life. How heartrending this retrospect is! My God, oh, didst not Thou sustain him?

27th. — No inclination to write for two days past. If I take up my pen again to-day, it is because, in opening my green portfolio, my eye fell on this book, and I put down in it that my father has just made over to me a packet of letters from his dear Maurice, and some of his hair, that I may keep them, these precious remains, with the others that I have. Oh, burial! Shall I write what I feel, what I think, what I suffer? I will not write; I should speak only of heaven and of a grave, of those things that should but be told to God.

The 1st of November. — What an anniversary! I was in Paris, sitting alone in the drawing-room at a table, thinking, as now, on this festival of

All Saints. He, Maurice, came to find me, to chat a little heart to heart, soul to soul, and gave me a quire of paper, saying, "I want you to write me down there your every day in Paris." Oh, poor friend! I did indeed write it, but he never read it.1 He was carried away so suddenly, so rapidly, before he had time to do anything, - that young man, born, as it seemed, to do so much. But God disposed of him differently to our expectations. There are beautiful souls, of which we are only here below to see the promise, and whose entire realisation takes place elsewhere, in the other life. This world is but a place of transition, as the saints have believed it, as the soul which presages a somewhere else also believes. Oh, what happiness that this is not our all! Impossible, impossible! If we ended at the grave, the good God would be wicked, yes, wicked, to create unhappy creatures for a few days: horrible to think of! Tears alone are enough to make us believe in immortality. Maurice has finished his period of suffering, I hope, and to-day I seem continually to see him amongst the blessed. I say to myself that he must be there, that he pities those he sees upon earth, that he wishes for me where he is, as he wished for me in Paris. Oh,

¹ This book also has escaped our search.

my God, this reminds me that on this very day last year we were together; that I had a brother, a friend, whom I can no longer see or hear. After so much intimacy, no intercourse whatever! It is this which makes death so painful. In order to meet him again, that beloved being so knit with one's heart, one must plunge into death and eternity. Those who have not God with them in this terror, what can they do? What becomes of you, - you, friend so much crushed by his loss, - when your sorrow does not turn towards the other world? Oh, doubtless you do not lack faith; but have you a consoling, a pious faith? Believing that you have not much of this, I find myself pitying you bitterly. The anxiety that I had on this head regarding his brother soul is now transferred to yours, almost as dear. I cannot say to what a degree I loved him, and still love him; it is something that rises towards the infinite, towards God. Here I stop; with this thought are linked a million thoughts, dead and living, - but above all dead; my Journal, begun for him, continued for you on the same date, last year in some degree of happiness, and now all made up of tears. My poor Maurice, I have been left behind in a land where there are continual tears and constant anguish.

ALL SAINTS.

" Look at the sapless leaves
That fall upon the ground,
Hark to the wind as it rises
And moans the valley around.

.

'T is the time when all things fall,
As the winds deal blow upon blow,
A wind that comes from the tomb
Lays us living ones also low."

There are not many years since we were saying that, - repeating those verses, Maurice and I, as we wandered about on the dry leaves on this day. My God! there he is fallen too, - he so young, the last-born of the family, whom I depended upon leaving behind me in this world, surrounded by children who would have mourned me as their mother! Instead of this, it is I who mourn. I who look on a tomb in which is inclosed all that I have had of hope or happiness in human affections. Oh, how this disaffects one towards all things, and carries the afflicted soul far away from this life towards that abode where death is not! Prayed, wept, wrote, nothing else to-day. Oh, awful festival of the departed!

3rd. — I wrote to you yesterday, friend of Maurice, sad as I was. It is only to you that

I can speak in the midst of tears, as I did in my letter. It would pain Marie too much; others would have no interest; and then sorrow only reveals itself to intimate friends.

5th. — Rested my forehead on my father's hands, crossed on his knees. Oh, what a sweet pillow! All my heart rushed to my head, in order to enjoy that rest. My father is kind, with a tender, ardent, and, so to speak, loving kindness, as it is said of that Divine goodness with which fathers have something in common, and he inspires one with a trusting love. I only conceal from him what would distress him. Marie's letters, yours, — I let him see them all. I still hesitate, however, to show him my Journals, on account of that undercurrent of sadness which is sometimes to be found there.

A visitor, a curé of the neighbourhood, who gave me pleasure. The very sight of a priest, when he is good, is comforting to the afflicted, and this is one to whom the saints would bow. He spoke to us about his little church, his little parish, his little crosses, and from one thing to another led us through an hour's talk that I found quite short. Can one say as much in the world? More than once in a gay drawing-room it has happened to me to yawn in my pockethandkerchief. It is not so much talent, nor the

thing said, that delights one, as a certain way of saying it.

The postman! letters! Oh, who knows what letters are worth in the country! Those dear absent ones, who return to us in heart and soul! Why cannot we write in heaven?

6th. - A child has come to bring me a dead bird that he had found under a stone. Poor bird! I fall to thinking how this pretty little life of freedom and song, this quite aërial life, has been assailed like any other, has fallen under that snare of death where everything falls.

I did not write yesterday; I shall not write continuously. What would you do with three hundred and sixty-six of my almost uniform days? how could you bear to see the same waves pass on before your eyes for a whole year? Diversity constitutes the interest of both mind and sight, for it is only through our curiosity that we are pleased. Where there is no novelty one grows weary. There have been certain days of immobility when I have yearned for a thunderbolt. What, then, would my perpetual calm be to you? for, except what springs from my heart or occurs to my brain, there is no movement at all in my life.

Just now I have come in from a short walk in the sunshine, and nothing stirs around but some

flies who are humming in the heated air. Alone in the great deserted monastery! This profound and complete isolation makes one live for an hour as hermits, both men and women, those souls detached from the world, - have lived for years. Without any material cares, with only inward speech, with no feelings but those of the intellect, no life but that of the soul, - there is in this release from every obligation a freedom full of charm, an unknown happiness which I can well understand hiding a hundred leagues deep in the desert permanently to enjoy. Accordingly some did leave the court for this life, like Saint Arsène and so many others, who, having tasted the two, would not consent to return to the world. This is because the world does not satisfy the soul; it amuses it, but imparts no life. We feel this as we go on in life, when the heart frees itself from its illusions just as naturally as it had been ensnared by them. We find ourselves all amazed and sad on the brink of the void that pleasures leave in departing. What is to become of us then? Faith teaches us, the Christian knows. My poor Maurice! how often I used to speak thus to him, asking him whether he did not think what I said was true, and he did not say No. Nevertheless, I do not hate the world; I know how

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to live in it and to dispense with it, and I pity those who are its slaves or its devotees, its victims or its lunatics.

Now this is certainly not what I thought of writing as I came back out of the sunshine; but this is to what solitude has brought me, - to love and speak of it, and that with you who are a friend of the world. You must indeed have made yourself my brother. One tells a brother all one's passing thoughts. I don't know whether you will like mine. I used sometimes to doubt whether I did not weary Maurice; but, soon shaking off the doubt (I cannot endure it in anything), I went on in full faith writing Journals and letters that he loved. I knew very well that he did so because of his affection for me. Dear friend! how much I think of him to-day; how this morning in prayer I felt myself going out towards the other life where he is, where he waits for me as he waited in Paris l Oh, yes, we shall there see far other wonders than in these cities built on clay! Since this death I care nothing for earth. God had taught me its value before; but thoroughly to understand the nothingness of the world, the heart must have its lesson, and mine has! And now I am going to occupy myself about other things than this writing. With or without pleasure, so long as the soul is here, so long as we have life imposed upon us, we are bound to fulfil its duties.

8th. - Louise and Marie des Coques have both come to me this evening by post; a charming encounter of the two most charming women and friends that I know. They are very like each other, but Marie has been the most developed by society. Conversed with my father at great length about them and about heart affections. I consulted him on this subject, and on a chapter of the 'Imitation' which had troubled me. He calmed me, and pointed out that I was taking too exclusive a view of the matter; that my pious reading applied to those in the cloister, not to persons in the world. Thanks to my father, I may then fearlessly retain all my affections; for, after my heart has gone out very fully, I often draw back alarmed, fearing to love too much. If the heart were all expended here, nothing of it would remain for heaven, and I desire to take that which loves with me into the other world.

noth. — Caroline has written to us after a somewhat long silence, — long enough to give me time to believe ourselves forgotten. This grieved me; I would have a future, if not of intimate friendship, of at least good will be-

tween us and this young woman, this wife of my brother. That title binds her so to my heart, I should be deeply grieved to see her detach herself from us entirely. Her letter is kind, full of interest; I am satisfied with it. Poor dear widow, how I wish I could embrace her at this moment! I look upon her as a sister, as a sister who deceives herself; but one must not be angry with her for that, — she does not know that she is deceiving herself.

To-morrow morning, soon after sunrise, I am going to some relations two leagues off. A lost day as regards writing and my habitual life; but perhaps I shall return with something new, as is the case with tourists who have always seen something extraordinary wherever they may have been.

12th. — There was a time when I took delight in describing the least little things. Four steps taken outside the house, a walk in sunshine through fields or in the woods, afforded me much to say. Was that because it was to him I spoke, and that heart-supplies are so abundant? I cannot tell; not having any longer the pleasure of giving him pleasure, what I see no longer offers me the same interest as of old. Yet nothing is changed externally; the change must then be within myself. Everything puts on one

same sad colour in my eyes; all my thoughts turn deathwards. Neither wish nor power of writing! And, besides, what could I write that would be of any good to you, you to whom I would so gladly do good, to whom to do it is so difficult?

I found in a book a rose-leaf faded, who knows since when? I ask myself this question in recalling springs gone by, days and places where this rose may have flowered; but nothing returns of the lost past. It is, however, no misfortune to be a flower without a date. Whatever invests itself with mystery has a charm. This dried leaf in a book interests me more than it would have done in its rose, on its rose-tree. It made me leave off reading. If our soul be in any degree reflective, there is enough at every moment to make us pause and fall to thinking over what presents itself in life.

"My brow upon a flower, 't was of the tomb I mused."

This thought of death, of God, and of those I love, never leaves me.

14th.— Returned once more to my complete solitude. My father is gone to look for some books in a neighbouring library. I do not know what he will bring back. I have asked

for 'Notre Dame de Paris,' which until now I never would read. Why, then, should I now do so? It is that I feel my heart too dead for anything to injure it, that I am told of beauties in it that I wish to become acquainted with, and that a man of God, who has much weight with me, has assured me that I might venture on this book, and that evil is annulled by our way of looking on it. Even the devil, if he displeases, can do no harm. To meet is not to accept him. Perhaps it might be better to remain in ignorance of books and theories in general, but I lay no great stress on knowledge. It is not to inform but to elevate myself that I read; to me everything is a ladder to heaven. even this little Journal that I link with a heavenly thought known to God. If God did not see everything, I would show Him everything. I could not dispense with the Divine approval in my life and my affections, but I care but little for the approval of men, still less for that of women.

15th. - My God! my God! what a day! the day of his wedding. At this hour, a year ago, we were at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, he, you, and I - I by his side. Now, too, I am just come from a church, and from beside him in his tomb.

16th. - Nothing put down here yesterday after those lines. There are feelings that transcend all expression. God knows into what an abyss I was plunged and crushed by recollections of that wedding! There was he and his fair bride kneeling before the altar; Père Buquet blessing them and speaking to them of the future; the attendant crowd, the peal of the organ, that collection for the poor which rather embarrassed me, the singing in the vestry, so many witnesses of this brilliant contract with death! Then outside the church, our meeting with a funeral procession; the breakfast by your side when you said to me, "How handsome your brother is!" when we spoke so much of his life; the evening, the ball where I danced for the first and last time! I owe to Maurice several quite unique things. The pleasure of seeing him look happy, of being at his wedding festival; and below this joy, a heart sinking, and that horrible vision of coffins all round the drawing-room, placed on those long settees and hung with silver fringes! Oh, how petrified I was when on leaving this room, in full-dress and flowers for the ball, that vision came to me. I closed my eyes to shut it out. A day and evening in so many various ways memorable, the date of so many sorrows, - I

cannot get it out of my mind. I absorb myself in these things; and when I reflect on all of happiness that I had staked on a being who no longer exists save in memory, I feel an inexpressible sadness, and learn hence not to build on any life or any thing whatever. A coffin stands between the world and me; it is all over with the little that had power to please me. I have heart-ties still; no longer any happy or bright ones. Maurice and I were internally linked by rose-coloured ribbons. In him everything seemed smiling to me, everything gave me pleasure, even anxieties. My God! my God! to have lost this! what would'st Thou have me love now?

17th. — A beautiful day, bright, warm, full of breeze and sunshine. This revives, does one good, both to feel and to admire and to enjoy. Though indeed I pay now much less attention to the sky than a few months ago, alas! in the time of the invalid, yet I still see a fine day with pleasure; the only pretty thing there is to be seen in the country in November.

Ah! yesterday evening, too, I had the pleasant surprise of your letter. I did not expect it to come so soon, nor to be quite so kind, though that is not surprising; but every distinction made in my favour does always astonish

me a little: I don't know why this is. And then I found in this letter certain things that afflicted me,—some of those Christian soulsorrows for a poor brother soul, for one who says, I do not pray. God knows what I feel and suffer on this head. I have the future interest of those whom I love, and who do not believe, so much at heart, that to insure it I would gladly suffer martyrdom. This is not an exaggeration, but perfectly justified by the reason and the feeling of faith. Erembert, Marie, just arriving.

28th.— I have left my book closed for a fortnight past. How many things in this space of time which will be found nowhere, not even here!... Returned to it to note down a letter from Marie, my beautiful friend, who trembles lest I should be ill. Alas! it is not in my body that I suffer. Oh, how useless it seems to me to write!

noth December. — At length shall I be able to write? How many times I have taken up my pen this last week, and the pen has fallen from my fingers unused! There has been such sadness in my soul, such shocks in my being, oh, God! it seemed as though I were nearing to my end, to a kind of moral annihilation. How terrible this state is! Nothing soothes, nothing

sustains; occupation, repose, books, men, everything nauseates. One would die if one could. In such a struggle the soul without faith would be lost, oh, lost, if God did not reveal Himself! but He never fails to do so; something unexpected ever comes from on high.

I have found in the words of a priest (another friend of Maurice's) unhoped-for aid, - soothing, calming, a religious balm which has made me realise faith in what it has of sweetest and strongest, its power of consolation. Very often I cannot of myself attain to this; my efforts fatigue and break me down. We are too small for heavenly things: we feel in ourselves the need of a mediator, - between God and man, Jesus Christ; between Jesus Christ and us, the priest, he who brings the gospel within the reach of each one of us. Some require threats, others hopes; for me love is needed, the love of God, the only true love. So soon as I am brought back to that, that I am able fully to realise it. I cease to suffer desperate sufferings. Blessed be the holy priest, the brother's friend, who has consoled the sister! It is because he knew Maurice that I went to seek him out, that I thought he would understand me better than any other. I was not mistaken; he did indeed understand me. He has full knowledge of the heart, and of the agonies of the soul, and of that sorrowfulness unto death, and he sustains

you, this angel. . .

Who could have guessed, ten years ago, when they were both at college, that that child would know my griefs; that I should confide them to him; and that he would soothe them by words such as I have not heard, — divine words, which I shall go from time to time to listen to, though it be rather far from home? When I suffer too much I shall make this pilgrimage. Brother of my heart, you see me here entirely as I am; you see down to the depths of my soul, as Maurice used to do. Perhaps you will only read this after my death, and then you will find what used to pass within that poor anchorite during her life, what she used to relate to you about her soul, less incomprehensible, less strange to you.

13th. — Before I go away from my room, I want to tell this dear Journal that you pray me to continue, that I have just been reading one of your letters, a brotherly, friendly letter, quite open in its affection and confidence, in which these words more especially touched me: I want you to have the clew to my soul, I want you to be able to call yourself my sister by predestination as well as by voluntary and deliberate

reflection.... I grasp at this, and out of this clew to your soul form between you and me a tie that will never be loosened.

Prayed for Paula. Poor young girl's soul! where is it? This death that has deprived you of her, whither will it have borne her? There are many mansions in the other world, and for my part I tremble for those who go hence, who die in so passionate and faulty a youth. I did not know Paula, but a chance word of yours has made me fear; and then who knows how she was bound to you, that child who was more attached to you than to any living soul? But I stop short there; and indeed it is right not to judge harshly of any one.

14th. — A letter to Marie about what you ask me from her. I have neither read, nor done anything but write. Thought springs again and flows, — a stream checked by a coffin, but the waters have risen above it. I shall return to my course here, sometimes a torrent, sometimes a mere thread of water, according to what happens in the soul. Night takes me hence, and from my little room where I have spent a whole day in calm and solitude. It is strange how much I enjoy this being apart from everything.

15th. — Returning from mass (it is Sunday), I walked with a woman who related her sorrows

to me. Poor miller's wife! Surrounded by eight children, perfectly consumed by affections, and nevertheless going on weeping for one, continually mourning the mother she has lost. "I look for her everywhere," she said to me; "and at night I dream of her and feel that she caresses me." There is in this sorrow and this way of feeling an infinite tenderness, an expression of a feminine heart which pleases so much, thus unsophisticated, and which, perhaps, is not so well seen in the world as in these poor country-women. Here they are as God has made them; elsewhere as we make ourselves under the fashioning of education, custom, and vanity. Everything is surface in the world. It is so indeed; and in a very short time I witnessed many a drawing-room comedy. I had been told of this, but yet I should not have believed Paris quite what it is, - for it is in Paris only that one sees society on a large scale, as a body. Here in the provinces we have only fragments and finger-ends of it, which can give no complete idea. My poor woman of the mill revealed to me what I hold to be the sweetest thing of all, a woman's heart in its natural sensibility.

16th. — Marie, Marie, you write me too many things; you have excited me too much! No one

has had the same influence over my life as this woman during the two years since our friendship began. Everything that disturbs her agitates me.

19th. - Since the above, two silent days; but the return of this death-date is not to be passed over without a word, without the memento of the departed. Like the miller's wife, I may say that always I am thinking of and looking for him, and that I suffer from this lost affection. Last night I finished a hymn for him that I have supposed written by Saint Theresa to a brother that she had. You will see it, you to whom I send everything that I used to send to Maurice. Alas! must it be that everything passes by his coffin now! This thought - shall I own it to you? - darkens my soul to such a degree that nothing gives me any pleasure; that this very book that I should have written with so much joy for him, and that I like to keep up for you, I get through sadly and with difficulty, as one who builds on a churchyard.

I have written this in all the splendour of sunshine, beneath the cheerfulest, bluest, most spring-like of December skies. It makes me think of the sky of Paris.— that iron gray that you see, that you dislike, and that does your soul so much harm. It is rather perplexing

that a strong man like you, that a strong being like man, should be prostrated by mere air. This demoralising weather you speak of, — are there no means of escaping from these atmospheric influences, or at least of neutralising them? Too important a question to be treated of at the Cayla, where to guard one's self against the changes of time one thinks of eternity as poor hermits do. I could never tell you the happy effect that the lofty thoughts of faith have upon me: thrice happy to have this benign aid! for often I, too, suffer from mere air.

Two visitors. I note them because such are rare in our desert just now, and that one of them was a quite admirably ugly man, with a scarred, lined, distorted face, in which the soul prevailed over the features. At the first glance he shocked, at the second pleased, at the third attracted. What delight intelligence gives, and how it elevates the fleshly face of man!

20th. — A letter from Caroline, with a drawing of Maurice after death, not in the least like him. Her memory has played her false, poor widow; or rather I believe that her pencil is not capable of reproducing this memory, of grasping with a sufficiently strong hold the grand image in her soul. Why have I not, too, a pencil? Perhaps I should do no better, but at all

events I would try. She who drew her friend's shadow on a wall, that woman who they say invented painting, had doubtless no other talent besides her affection. How often I see a shade that I would fain fix somewhere. What! entirely lost! I will write to you to-morrow.

22nd. - From death to life, from the one brother to the other. I was writing a funeral poem. While the sheet is drying, having no sand by me, I turn hither; I wish to mark down one of the most sweetly calm days that I have known for long. Oh, how great a good is peace, - without or within! Peace, that grand desire of our poor Maurice during his last troubled days! "O peace, dear object of my heart! O God, who art my peace; who makest us at peace with ourselves, with all the world; who by this means pacifiest heaven and earth! When shall I, my God, when shall I, by the tranquillity of my conscience. by a sweet confidence in Thy power, by an entire acquiescence — or rather an attachment to, a delectation — in Thy eternal will in all the events of this life, possess that peace which is in Thee, which comes from Thee, and which Thou thyself art?"

I have always considered this aspiration, this prayer, very beautiful. Oh, these religious subjects, — they are always occupying me; they

are the only ones that I believe in, and almost that I love. With their exception, everything saddens me to death; one glance at heaven revives me, reattaches me to what I was losing hold of:—

"Oh, leave to me my pious faith, My radiant hope, oh leave!"

24th. — Wrote endlessly yesterday and to-day. Now let us return, thou, my book, into thy portfolio; thou, my soul, into thyself, or rather to God, to the sweet mysteries of the Saviour. It is Christmas Eve. I hear the bells of all our steeples ringing Nadalet, a joyous strain that one hears for a fortnight before the festival, filling the air of this country, in the evening, at three o'clock and at nine.

28th. — It is wonderful what beautiful weather we have this winter! I avail myself of it by walking out, and inhaling in the sunshine an air that makes the flowers open out. The almondtrees are sprouting; my lilac on the terrace is quite covered with buds. So much spring is a great pleasure in winter; but, while delighting in it, it brings on a sadness, a regret not to have had this mild season last year for our poor invalid. Perhaps he would have lived longer, perhaps he would have recovered in this sweet you. II.—6

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warmth; for the air we breathe is our life. The climate of Paris killed him, - this I fully believe; I knew it, and I could not get him away. That was one of the deepest sufferings of that past that made me so suffer. Poor brother! to me everything serves as an incline to fall back to him, everything brings me round to this. See, I wanted to speak of the sun! but there it is now veiled in black. Everything whatever that I touch turns to mourning, - even your remembrance, closely united as it is with a tomb. This it is that renders it so different in my eyes to all else that touches my heart; it has the character of a relic. You stand quite alone with me. When I reflect upon our intimacy and on what brought it about, so many events and things to take me out of my desert, and our meeting in Babylon, in that Paris from which I was so far away; when I think of myself there such a stranger, and so soon known, so soon comprehended and made a sister of by you, a man of the world, - by you choosing a sister at your antipodes, finding the friend of your choice, a link to your life in the life most opposite to your own, — oh, I say that there is something quite marvellous in it, a mystery of Providence in this attachment which is like no other! I belong to you by something of heaven,

by predestination as you said. God knows why, and with what intent He has united us by friendship. Oh, how I desire your happiness, and, to begin with, your heavenly happiness! I doubt being able to do much towards it, for I believe you to be difficult to make happy. And what can a poor woman be to you, who is half out of this world, half dead, and who no longer feels anything except on its religious side? You, my friend, are not religious. This difference, which grieves me, may very probably render our relations tedious to you; and then there they are changed, broken off. Perhaps I judge you wrongly.

I found in the woods a flower that I took away and now place here in memory of this December spring. It is a wood daisy that was a favourite of my mother's, and that therefore I, too, am fond of. Our affections are born thus one of another.

gist December. — This last day of the year must not pass away like any other; it is too important, too solemn and touching, as is everything that comes to an end, too near eternity not to affect my soul, ah! most profoundly. What a day indeed, what a year, which bequeaths me, in departing, so many events, so many separations, so many losses,

so many tears, and on my heart a coffin! One less amongst us. - a blank in the family circle, in that of my affections! This is what time shows us. Thus ends a year! Alas! alas! life flows on like water, like that brook that I hear running under my window, which widens in proportion as its banks fall. How many banks have fallen in my prolonged life! My first loss was my mother, whose death came upon me between childhood and youth, and thus put tears between the two ages. From being very lively and mirthful, I became pensive, reflective; my life changed all at once; it was a flower thrown into a cossin. From that epoch dates an increase of faith, a religious tendency, a love of God which used to transport me above everything, and which has left behind what sustains me now, a hope in God which early consoled me. Then I saw a cousin die, a tenderly loved friend, the charm of my childhood, who used to take me upon his knees to teach me to read without making me cry, and to tell me stories. When I was older I made an elder brother of him. I confided Maurice to his care when he went away to Paris. My cousin was one of the body-guard. It is ordained that I should always have brothers in Paris, and that always they shall die there. This one went to the Versailles cemetery in 1829. I was then no longer a child; I got deeper and deeper among tombs; for two or three years I thought of nothing but death, and almost of dying. My poor Victor, whom Maurice resembled! Oh, I was always afraid that they would resemble each other throughout. Both so young, both dead, both killed in Paris! My God, these are terrible things, and cutting memories; three deaths one upon another! This is what floods my memory to-day. I see only the departed, - my mother, Victor, Philibert of the Isle of France, Marie of Brittany, Lili d'Alby, Laura de Boisset, - all affections more or less close to my heart; and now the one that overlay them all, the heart of my heart, Maurice, dead too! What swift passengers we are, my God! Oh, how short this world is! Earth is a mere transition step. They wait for me above. It is in the midst of these funerals that I end my day, my last writing, my last thoughts bequeathed to you, as on the same day, at the same hour, I bequeathed them last year to that poor brother. I wrote to him from Nevers, still pretty near to Paris and to him. Oh, how death separates us! What can I address to him where he is but prayers? It is to these that I turn now. Prayer is the dew of purgatory. If his poor [soul] were suffering there! Good-night to you who replace him upon earth. I can say nothing more affectionate than that. I say so to you before God, and before him whom, methinks, I see at my side, smiling at my adoption of his brother.

The 1st January, 1840. — What will happen to me, oh, my God, this year? I know not, and even if I could. I would not lift the curtain of the future. What is concealed beneath it might perhaps be too terrifying; to sustain the vision of things to come, one should be saint or prophet. I consider it a blessing to see no further than a day, than the next moment. If we were not thus limited by the present, where would the soul stop in apprehension, in grief both for itself and for what it loves? How much even a presentiment, that shadow of the future, can make us feel and suffer when it passes across the mind! At this moment I am without anxiety or emotion about any one; my year begins in confidence respecting those I love. My father is in good health, Erembert is improving, Marie has still her rosy, apple-like cheeks, and the other Marie, - the friend of my tears, the woman of sorrows, bears up with somewhat more strength. For all this, thanks be to God, whom I pray to bless and preserve all my dear ones. Christians look for their New

Year's gifts to heaven, and I turn thither on your behalf, while you are going into society, into the gay salons of Paris to offer compliments and bonbons. If I were there perhaps I should have some too; as it is, perhaps I shall have a thought, a remembrance, from that brother to whom Maurice has bequeathed me for sister. How beautiful the sky is, this winter sky!

A letter from Louise, sweet New Year's gift of the heart; but nothing any longer gives me much pleasure; nothing that comes can console me for what is missing. This morning, in embracing my father, — this poor father who for the first time in the first year did not embrace all his children, — I was very sad. I seemed to see Jacob when he had lost Joseph.

Here are my first written thoughts, my first date of 1840, which is bound by a tie of crape to 1839 and to you.

2nd. — I make my escape here from the New Year's letters that I have to get through. What a tiresome custom it is to be bandying compliments for a whole day long, and sending them to a distance! My lazy mind, which prefers dreaming to working, is not very ready to set about these flattering compositions. As to that, one does it because it has to be done, but briefly, with only a few phrases of the season

and good wishes at the beginning and end. The world and those of the world excel in this, - in speaking prettily and flatteringly. Not so I; I have no fluency in this gilded, brilliant talk, this lip-tinsel that one meets with in the world. In the desert one only learns to think. I used to say to Maurice, when he talked to me about Paris, that I should not understand its language. And yet there are some there that I did understand. Certain souls in all places comprehend each other. This helps me to believe what is said of the saints who communicate with the angels, although of different natures. The one looks up, the other bends down; and thus it is they meet, thus that the Son of God came down among us. This reminds me of a passage of the Abbé Gerbet, in one of his books that I like much: One would say that the whole creation rested on an inclined plane, so that all beings whatever bend down to those below them to love and to be beloved by them. Maurice pointed out this thought to me, and we thought it charming. Dear friend! who knows whether he may not be bending down towards me now, towards you, towards those he loved, to draw them up to the high sphere in which he is, to raise us from earth to heaven! May we not believe that those who precede us into the splendours of life

take compassion upon us, and in their love communicate to us some attraction to the other world, some gleam of faith, some burst of light which before had not illumined the soul! If I dwelt near a king, and you were in prison, most assuredly I should send you all I could from the court. Thus in the celestial sphere, whither our affections doubtless follow us, and become divinised and participate in God's love for man.

4th. — Company in the drawing-room, that I have left to come for a moment before God, and here, in order to rest myself. Oh, what lassitude there is in my soul to-day! but I am never weary of bringing it here. To me it is like a church that one enters into with calm. Letters! letters! and not one that goes into the green portfolio where go those that I love, those that are mine exclusively. Marie cannot delay writing much longer, I urged her so much about that affair of Madame de Vaux. When I can oblige I like to do so promptly. Two letters therefore set out; one to you, one to the Coques at the time. . . . I must go away.

6th. — . . . The time that apparently I was silent. I take up my broken thread of yesterday, connected as it was with that letter-box at Andillac which kept back from you, for a few days' quarantine, the last I had sent you. But

for this you would have had it at that Port Mahon, where no doubt you were reached by other missives less anxious to arrive than mine. How little that Andillac box knows what it holds! It is placed near the church beside the cemetery, and it strikes me that it is fitly placed there, this resting-place of the heart or of human affairs, of so many things that only proceed on their way after having stopped a while in presence of God. This may have very happy effects, and some hand that holds bad documents may draw them back at the thought of this holy locality. Who, provided he had only a little faith, would dare to do evil at the door of a church? This box on the consecrated wall might therefore be a restraint to some who wrote with bad intentions, as is common enough, even in our country places, where every one knows how to write now. In little or great, a moral choice in all things would have a wider bearing than people suppose. As for me, when I throw in my dearest correspondence there, I feel that I must be able to say, "To God's keeping." I write to a great many people, having, I hardly know how, a very large acquaintance. A plantation of cousins is growing up around us, - young girls who are all loving and communicative, all intimate with us in heart and mind,

so that I have to reply to all their outpourings. Then there is Louise, that voice of the heart; Marie, whom God has given me; Félicité, who loves me, who used to take care of Maurice; Caroline, my sister. Maurice's wife; and others without end. And in all this, amidst so many letters, there are three that efface the rest,—two women's, and one large handwriting which makes itself delicate for me.

7th. — Letter from Marie; death of the Archbishop of Paris. Evening notes of a very full day. Events succeed each other in life with a rapidity which hardly allows us to grasp them. This is my experience in my desert, where so little takes place in comparison with the world.

oth. — What will happen to me to-day? A delight, something from Marie, — her New Year's gift that she announces, a mysterious box that the coach is to bring me! I long to have it, to open it, and to see what my friend sends me. She says, after a few confidential words on the occasion, "You will understand when you have seen the box." That "you will understand" sets me conjecturing. What can it be? Books, music, dress? No, not dress! Marie knows too well what I like, and that I should take more pleasure in the least thing connected with the heart than all the smart dress in the

world. My Paris gowns are all-sufficient, while the soul never can have too many vestments. I should like books; something in which I might wrap up thought, which is numbed with the cold of this world so soon as I leave off my prayers or my pious meditations. These cannot last all day, and I suffer, having no reading in which to take refuge. 'Notre Dame de Paris,' which I had asked for, never came. They brought me the 'City of God' of Saint Augustine. - too learned a work for me. Not but that one may glean something everywhere; but these theological heights do not suit me. I like to wander in the plain, or on a gentle incline, with some author who speaks to the soul in a manner within my reach; as, for example, M. Sainte-Beuve, who was my delight last winter in Paris, to the great amusement of your satirical gravity. And yet it was you, or one belonging to you, who led to my reading that 'Volupté;' for Maurice had told me that it was what converted your brother and threw him into his seminary. A singular book, thought I, to produce such effects; I must see it I and my curiosity was not dissatisfied. There are in it charming details, delicious miniatures, heart truths.

III.

9th January, 1840.

THE close of my last book cut M. Sainte-Beuve short. I now resume, through you and for you, this conversation and writing, both, - this sister's journal, which continues for the continuer of Maurice, with my beliefs, my convictions, and my reflections, - their result, my way of being and feeling; this from me to you, which you would not have other than it is, as you have just been telling me, and I just reading in the sun, at that very spot in the wood of Sept-Fonts where I used to go and sit with Maurice. It was there, too, that I often read his letters, as I have now been reading yours, alone before God. According to this perusal and the state of these poor brothers I implore or bless Him, and return, folding up in my pocket and in my heart the much-loved manuscript. Yours to-day did not grieve me too much. You seem less depressed than usual, and that expression, I am sometimes religious through my reason, gave me pleasure. Let us

hope the faith of the heart may come by and by; the belief of feeling will yet, perhaps, be yours. It is an effect of grace, and it is implored for you. Two hundred leagues away from Paris, in a desert, a soul is asking God for the salvation of another soul. The affections which come down to us from heaven, and return thither, are very strong. Charity would lift a world for the sake of one of its elect. You will understand me. Maurice occupied a large portion of my heart; he being removed, God more and more takes possession of that empty space, and soon all will be filled by Him, and everything within me upborne like the Ark on the waters; all that has been saved from the deluge.

to make this a day of privation; but the sight of the white paper tempts my hand, which quietly lets itself rest thereon, to take note of a singular mood in a life of calm. Read the life of Saint Paul the Hermit, who, after a hundred years of solitude, inquired what was going on in the world. Some day, but probably not so late, I may put the same question, for I no longer think of going away from here,—from the retirement of this Cayla where God has placed me; which suits me; where I have nothing to desire; where all I want comes to me (as to

Paul, by the miraculous basket) by some unexpected and providential means. Is this not true as regards the heart's life as well as the other? I have always required friendships, and these have come to me as if out of heaven, rare, undiscoverable ones, that can neither be made nor imagined; and foremost of all, my brother's, that dear Maurice whom I have lost. Louise was of an earlier date. Accordingly, this friendship is of a different flavour; it is the fruit of another season. It was formed when I was seventeen, and has quite a special charm, like the age when we first became intimate; whatever of sadness may have supervened, we still see each other through flowers. Rayssac, charming landscape, where I behold my vanished youth; with it contrasts darkly Paris and the Coques, and far away under the same light the Cayla with its tomb. Everything for me now reverts and ends there. This is why I would not go away any more, that I might always watch over and contemplate this beloved tomb. And yet my glance does not remain fixed there. It rises to heaven, where dwells the best part of what I mourn; to heaven, which one sees from every place, so that I could always, wherever I might be, look up to where Maurice is. Accordingly, if God called me elsewhere, I

should go; this churchyard reason would not hinder me from fulfilling any duty of charity, friendship, or vocation, wherever it might lead. Is the Christian, indeed, of any place?

11th. - Oh, Marie, Marie! what a woman, with her tenderness, her fervent, delicate, and understanding sort of friendship! I recognise her, with all her charms, in this much-expected box, quite full of things chosen by her for me. How especially I delight in the statuette of the Virgin, that celestial messenger, bringing me so many thoughts of heaven!

10th. - Yesterday I wrote you a long and very unreserved letter, really and truly as though it had been to himself, in my own way of saying just what comes uppermost. I should not indeed know how to alter; I should soon be found out, never having been used to disguise anything. And why should I change when I run no risk of displeasing others or compromising myself? I send you my thoughts, my life, in security; the greatest confidence that can be shown by a woman who places very high in her esteem him in whom she believes.

Six months - six months to-day - since that death, - that separation! My God, how swift time is! it seems to me as though it were yesterday. Whence comes it that so many things, so many events, whether sad or otherwise, connected with this beloved friend, seem to me at an infinite distance, - such, for instance, as my arrival in Paris and his marriage, - while his death always stands out recent, present? see it; six months have passed, and they are as nothing at all, so close is it to my soul. There is neither time nor space for the soul, which shows us plainly that we are spirits. Oh, so much the better, so much the better, not to be limited by time, which is so short and so sad; to be not all contained in this slight, fragile body! Let us own that faith opens out to us beautiful prospects. But what sorrow to reflect that there are some who will only perceive, without attaining to them by possession, by fruition, in the next life! - as, alas! will be the case with those poor nominal Christians, men without works, without practical faith. It is martyrdom to have friends of this character.

21st. — Poor Louis XVI.! Even as a child I venerated this martyr, I loved this victim, whom I heard so much talked of in my family as the 21st of January drew on. We used to be taken to the funeral service in the church, and I used to gaze at the high catafalque, the lugubrious throne of the good king. My astonishment impressed me with sorrow and indignation. I

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used to come away weeping over this death, and hating the wicked men who had brought it about. How many hours have I spent devising means for saving Louis XVI., the queen, and the whole unhappy family, if only I had lived in their day! But after much calculating and contriving, no promising measure presented itself, and I had, very reluctantly, to leave the prisoners where they were. The beautiful little dauphin, more especially, excited my compassion, the poor child pent up in walls, and unable to play in freedom. As for him, I used to carry him off, to conceal him here at the Cayla, and Heaven knows the delight of running about our fields with a prince! How many dreams I indulged in respecting this afflicted family !

There are two kinds of men who inspire me with antipathy, — regicides and scoffers. However wild a young man may be, I can always esteem him in a measure, provided he be reserved on the subject of religion. I have remarked with profound satisfaction that, in the correspondence of Malise Allen with Georges, there was not an infidel jest to be found. Oh, how that consoled me! How much hope I found on this favourable side of things! At all event I was not mistaken as regards Georges. As to Malise, I am not sure; the future will

show. There, again, is a famous sinner, a kind of Augustine, that God has to win from the world.

22nd. — There are days when the soul reverts more than usual to the past, - when at each moment it sees again what it has lost. These visions give it pleasure, sad as they are; we retain, dwell upon them. - live in the shadow of what we have loved. The whole of to-day I see pass and repass before me that dear pale face; that beautiful head assumes all its various aspects in my memory, - smiling, eloquent, suffering, dying; above all, I have gone on, and know not why, seeing him as he was at the Abbé Legrand's, the vicar of the parish, when we went to speak to him concerning the arrangements for the marriage. I find myself in that little salon, decorated with crosses, sacred engravings, handsome furniture, and handsome books, all displaying a piously refined taste; Maurice, with perfectly calm voice and face, seated in an arm-chair, and every now and then dropping a few words; the Abbé conversing in a superior manner, and quite agreeably surprised when I happened to name the Abbé de Rivières, one of our neighbours, whom he knew at Saint Sulpice. All this I live over again; and when, touching upon the religious aspect of what brought us there, the Abbé alluded with perfect tact to Christian preparation. Maurice replied to him in the tone of a man who understood and believed. I was touched by this; and the Abbé too, perhaps he felt some surprise. I took note of everything, can recall everything. I could draw the picture of the young priest and the Christian bridegroom at this moment. Oh, brother beloved!

23rd. — Why do tears keep rising this morning? Why this relapse into anguish and regret? Ask the sick man why his pain returns. We only have a suspension of suffering. If I were near a church, I should go and soothe it there; go and lose, absorb myself in communion. In this act of faith and love lies all my support, all my life, — perhaps even the life of the body. God takes me unto Himself, and what cannot Omnipotent love work in a soul that it possesses? First of all, it can console it for what it suffers in loving.

24th. — Those words are very mystical, incomprehensible, perhaps, for whoever has not the pious sense of an ineffable sacrament, a mystery of Divine love, the most marvellous communication of God to man. Spiritual nonsense for the world, all that one may say on this head; but this is not for the world, and

hermits may put on paper whatever they will. It is the secret printing-press of my soul that is at work on this book; I note down here all its characteristics. "To what purpose? What good will these pages do? They were of value only to him - to Maurice - who found his sister in them. What is the use of my finding myself?" But if it affords me an innocent amusement, a pause in the fatigues of the day; if I place here, for the sake of so placing them, the flowers of my desert, - what I gather in solitude, my incidents and my thoughts, what God gives to instruct or strengthen, — doubtless there is no harm in this. And if some inheritor of my cell finds these pages, and one good thought in them, and enjoys it, and grows better, even if but for a moment, my time will not have been lost. I will go on. No doubt I dread losing time, that purchase money of eternity; but is employing it for one's own soul, or that of another, to lose it? And, besides, what else have I to do, except to sew or spin? If my fingers were of use to the household, I should not employ them here; I have never given up duty for pleasure. But since my good sister willingly consents to take these material cares upon herself, and frees me from them with equal kindness and efficiency; since she is Martha, I may surely be Mary.

Oh, sweet part, that suits my taste! Sometimes, when all is agitation and noise in the house, and I hear it from out the calm of my little room, the contrast is delicious to me in my lofty sanctum, and I feel something akin to the pillar-saints. But, digressor that I am, how far I have got from my first word, my holy idea! Oh, these currents of the soul, who may follow them? One must reascend them. I shall explore this particular one some other time.

25th. - Very propitious to writing this, a letter from my dear Marie by my bedside as I woke this morning! Dawn of a beautiful day, as well within me as without; sunshine in the sky and in my soul. God be praised for these sweet gleams, which revive us in the midst of our anguish! I know very well that it is all to begin anew; but one has rested for a moment, and one walks on with more strength afterwards. Life is long; from time to time cordials are needed for the race. Some come to me from heaven, some from earth. I take them all; they are all of use to me. It is God who gives them, who gives life and dew. Pious books, prayer, meditation, fortify; friendly words, too, sustain. I need them; we have one side of the heart which leans on what we love; friendship is something which goes arm-in-arm. How tenderly Marie gives me hers, and what a comfort I find it! So shall we walk on till death; God has united us.

26th. - Two years ago, here, in this very place, this very room, which he had just left, I was weeping. Never had his departure so crushed my spirit; it was like a presentiment that it would be the last. He, too, was more depressed, clung more to us than usual. Those six months spent with us as an invalid, and so loved, had strongly reattached him to us. Five years without seeing us had perhaps made him somewhat lose sight of our tenderness; having rediscovered it, he restored us all his. By the time he left us he had so thoroughly renewed all family ties, that death alone could have broken them. He assured me of this. His errors were over; his heart illusions vanished away; by necessity, by primitive taste, he was returning to a right way of thinking. I knew everything; I followed his steps. From the fiery circle of the passions (in his case very short), I saw him pass into that of Christian life. Beautiful soul, soul of Maurice! God had withdrawn it from the world, to draw it into heaven. Alas! how all this returns to me; how haunted, surrounded I am by it to-day! Sad anniversary of our separation! From that day our intimate relations were broken or changed; he was going away. . . .

If he had remained here, if that fatal winter had been spent at the Cayla, the poor young man would not have died. The air of Paris evidently disagreed with him. He fell sick on arriving there; and then so many things turned out ill. There was a concatenation of circumstances and events which led him to the grave, and that without our being able to avoid it. Oh, fatality! if I believed in fatality! But no; it is God who guides us, - God who is all goodness, although Nature groan, although we are all unhappy without knowing why. Do we indeed understand the mystery of anything? That of suffering makes me believe in something to expiate, and in something to gain. I see it in Jesus Christ, the Man of Sorrows. The Son of Man must suffer many things. This is all that we know in the sorrows and calamities of life. The reason of things is hid in God. It is the secret of His government, reserved by the Sovereign to Himself. To submit to what happens is to unite our will to His, to divinise it, to raise it as high as man can reach. Accordingly in the act of Christian resignation, which may seem a passive acceptation, a sort of yielding to necessity, I find, I say, the most sublime action of the soul. It is entirely of faith; it carries us at once from earth to heaven. If all the afflicted believed in God, not with the belief of the world but that of the catechism, we should not see so many suicides. Oh, how suicide makes me shudder!

A heart-entry this. I mark down all her letters and mine, that I may be able to revert to the days on which we conversed; they are epochs. I have none dearer than these outpourings of friendship. Everything, except that which touches me internally, passes without causing any sensation in my life. Everything about affairs, the course of the world, news, is indifferent to me. Whatever may be going on on earth, I no longer belong to it. Here my bodily presence; my soul in heaven! This little Journal is the only thing for which I turn somewhat aside from my habitual thoughts, and even this is only to rest them here.

To-day, at Gaillac, one of my cousins is to be married. She wished us to attend her wedding, but we have done with weddings; I could not even say how much this invitation, this vision of festivities, has saddened me.

28th. — Saint Francis de Sales (he whom Rousseau used to call the most lovable of saints)

has occupied me a good deal to-day. It is his festival, of which I am particularly fond, and which I celebrate in my heart by reading his beautiful life and reflecting on all it accomplished, - conversions, writings, a struggle of twenty years against a choleric temperament; divine sweetness in the midst of natural impetuosity, carried to such a point that he has been compared to the Saviour of the world; ineffable instances of charity; charming sayings like this, - "It is better to hold back a truth than to speak it ungraciously;" an overflowing tenderness of heart; a maternal compassion for sinners. In short, a thousand celestial things, a thousand pearls that surround the brow of this blessed saint, attract my soul to him, make me love, revere, and invoke him in quite a special manner. The heart has its chosen ones in heaven too, and those at least do not make it suffer on their account. I must tell the whole truth. To my spiritual predilection for this saint is joined one which is somewhat human: the De M-s are connected with the De Sales: Marie is related to Saint Francis; so that friendship and holiness make up a relic, and ineffably enshrine themselves one in the other within my heart

ist February. - Company for three days. This

over, I return to my solitude with three letters from friends, and regrets for a departure. Amongst these visitors was the confessor of Maurice, that good M. Fieuzet, who comes from time to time to pray on this tomb, and to see how we are getting on in our sorrow. His is the most tenderly holy, priestly soul. The austerity of his ministerial functions rests on the softest nature; 'tis the Gospel printed on velvet. It was a great consolation to me to see him beside Maurice's dying bed. What is it that I am going to recall? Oh, that such a priest, that a holy priest, may assist me, too, in my last agonies! Thus it is that these books of mine get filled with sadness, lugubrious subjects, visions of death; my whole life is traced now on that black ground, with a little heavenly serenity above it.

3rd. — They press me to go to Gaillac. No; I cannot detach myself hence. My little life likes to be limited to the smallest place possible, where I have my dear living ones and my dead.

4th. — I might, indeed, write a letter, but I prefer to turn my pen here; here by inclination, elsewhere by conventionality, and conventionality is very cold. The heart does not like it; turns aside, draws back from it as much as it can. With the exception of duties, I let it alone.

As to the letter, I shall do it; it is but a slight thing, and it is no mighty effort to overcome a short ennui. There are certain long ones which we must bear to the end, and the one accustoms us to the other. Small conflicts lead to and fit us for great. These disagreeables are good for us, like bitters. They first require an effort of will to get swallowed, and then they strengthen. If everything came to us in the shape of sweetness and pleasure, what would become of us at the end, at the terrible shock of death? It is good to anticipate this. Hence it is that hermits and all saints - those who understand the soul of man so well - yow themselves to renunciation, voluntarily strip themselves, die daily in the prospect of that death that we all must undergo. Accordingly they depart very gently out of this world. I have been told of a young girl, a nun at Alby, who burst out crying with joy when she heard the doctors saying amongst themselves that all hope was over.

I don't know why, but in the time of the cholera, I, too, felt a sort of transport in the prospect of death. I envied all the dying. This made such an impression upon me that I spoke of it to my confessor. Was it the vague languor of youth? was it the longing for heaven? I do not know. One thing certain is,

that the feeling is over, or nearly so. I find myself, when contemplating death, in an attitude of submission, sometimes of fear, rarely of desire. Time changes us. It is not in this alone that I am conscious of age. When my hair is white, I shall again be quite different. Oh, these human metamorphoses, - to grow ugly, to grow old! To console one's self under them we need to believe in the resurrection. How faith serves every purpose! Yes, this thought of the resurrection to many women who make their body an object of love, their beauty a happiness, might be a comfort when their charms were over; and very probably more than one fair Christian avails herself of it, - those to whom some terrible change of appearance is sent, - she, for instance, who said, "To die is nothing, but to die disfigured!" That was the insupportable in her eyes. Poor woman! I laughed heartily at this once, now I compassionate the feeling; it pains me to see that the soul does not get raised higher than the body. Who knows? - if I were pretty, perhaps I should feel the same.

5th. — What a book, what a friendship, what a death, what an intimacy! and what an impression all this has made on my soul! I am alluding to the last moments of Etienne de la

Boëtie, which I came across in a book of Montaigne's. Knowing that these two men loved each other much, I was anxious to know how their separation took place; and it has left my heart in tears. It is so sad to see any one die, especially when this death reminds you of another! How many marked features have struck me in this life, so soon over; in this soul departing out of this world, so young and so beautiful, so elevated, so Christian, so exquisite in its gentleness and friendship! Oh, truly I found Maurice in all the beautiful passages, and you and he in the close and profound union of these two friends! But you were absent from the last moments of yours. How I regretted that, and that distance should have parted you during those last days! I want to tell you how they passed, for this rightly belongs to the details I gave you, as well as to the interest you take in this end of life.

But first of all, I want to leave a record here of what is taking place to-day on that tomb. It was still bare, merely grassed over; and in order to cover it properly, and preserve it to us for ever, they are placing on it a white marble monument, an obelisk surmounted by a cross. It is the poor widow that has sent this sad and last gift of love, and herself written the inscrip-

tion. I have seen nothing as yet. Oh, I shall be in plenty of time! Shall we not all go there every Sunday to pray around our poor Maurice? And you, his brother, too, — will you never come to kneel there? How I would I could see you praying for him! "It is the best office one Christian can render another," said that Etienne de la Boëtie, in dying, to his friend Montaigne. I have no doubt that, could Maurice make himself heard, he would say the same to you. He, too, was an intrinsically believing soul, — a soul of the olden time, across which the spirit of the present time had unfortunately passed, but done nothing more. You will see this by and by.

rith.— I have been several days without writing. It is an effort to me to begin this melancholy narrative, to speak of this death, though I think of it continually. There are memories which, as it seems to me, rend the soul more in leaving it than by abiding there. Even grief makes itself some alleviation, and in time deposits at the bottom of the heart, as it were, a soft layer, on which it falls asleep. A short time after this death I could speak of it without too much pain; now, when the subject is reverted to, when we come upon it in our family talk, an anguish seizes upon me.

Last night we were obliged to have the mau-

soleum watched on account of certain Andillac peasants who opposed its erection. They considered that it violated the equality of death, and violently objected to it, - having power to do so. Poor sovereign people! - this is what one has to endure from it; this is to what it has attained. In times past all would have signed themselves in the presence of that cross they talk of overthrowing now, in this age of enlightenment in which we live. Unhappy age, when the respect for holy things is getting lost; when the very obscurest are so proud as to revolt against the melancholy elevation of a tomb! The peasant whose mind has got thus far is worthless, - result, in part, of his reading. Accordingly, how much better a rosary than a book in the pocket of a labourer!

It was on the 8th of July, twenty days after our departure from Paris, about six o'clock in the evening, that we came in sight of the Cayla,—the promised land, the resting-place of our poor invalid. For a long time his thoughts travelled to no other spot on earth. I never saw him animated by a more ardent desire, and it went on growing in proportion as we approached. One would have said that he was in a hurry to arrive, that he might be in time to die there. Had he a presentiment of his end?

In the first transports of his joy at the sight of Cayla, he pressed the hand of Erembert, who chanced to be beside him. He made signs to us all as if of a discovery, - to me, who never felt less emotion or pleasure! Everything connected with this sad return looked sad in my eyes, - even my sister, even my father, who came to meet us at some distance from the house. Most afflicting meeting! My father was shocked; Marie wept on seeing Maurice. He was so changed, so exhausted, so pale, so tottering in his saddle, that he hardly seemed to be alive. It was fearful. The journey had killed him. But for the idea of arriving, which sustained him, I doubt that he could have got through it. You know something of this, and how he must have suffered, poor dear martyr! But I only mean to speak of here. As for him, he embraced his father and sister without showing much emotion. He seemed in a sort of ecstasy at the first sight of the castle; the effect it produced upon him was quite peculiar, and must have exhausted his powers of sensation. I never saw him much touched by anything after that. However, he bowed cordially to the reapers at work in our corn, reached out his hand to some of them, and to all the servants, who gathered round us.

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When we got to the drawing-room, "Ah," said he, "how comfortable one is here!" and then he began to embrace my father, whom he could only reach with his lips from horseback. We were all taken up with looking at him so pleased. It was still a family joy. His wife went out for some unpacking; I took her place beside him, and, kissing his forehead, which I had not done for a long time, I said, "Why, my friend, how well you seem to me! Here you will soon recover."

"I hope so; I am at home."

"Let your wife, too, look upon herself as at home; make her understand that she is one of the family, and must go on exactly as if in her own house."

"To be sure; to be sure."

I don't recollect anything else that we said in those moments that we had him to ourselves. Caroline came down; supper was announced, which Maurice found exquisite. He ate of everything with appetite.

"Ah," said he to Marie, "what a good table

you keep! . . .

My God, how my heart cleaves to this past! I have no life but there, no future but through faith; no ties but those linked with Maurice, and through him with heaven.

I saw the mausoleum this morning before any of the rest of the family. It so happened; but he and I, were we not always the first to meet, and to meet alone? This still goes on, and our têle-à-têle, alas! is held in a cemetery! I was on my knees, alone, opposite the white stone, where I read his name and his death: Maurice, 19th July.

But let us return to his life, to what remains of it to me in the shape of last and precious memories! Oh, why did I not write them while he was still speaking to us, and going away! Why did I not keep a journal of those dying days, — inestimable notes, of which these are but the shadow? To remember is not to see; the most living details are dead, although the heart preserves them. But did I think of anything about him except himself? Did I even suppose that he was going to end? And yet I feared it. When I revert to these recollections I cease to understand myself.

We had hoped much from our climate, from his native air, from the high temperature of our south. The second day after our arrival it was cold; the invalid felt it, and had shivering fits. His benumbed finger-ends and nose made me tremble. I saw plainly that he was not so much better as we had flattered ourselves; that

he would not recover so fast since these attacks returned. However, he had no fever afterwards, and the doctor reassured us. These doctors are often deceived or deceivers. We persuaded the invalid not to leave his room on the morrow, attributing the shivering fits to some draught in the drawing-room. As he always did, he gave in, though reluctantly, to what others wished; but he got so weary upstairs, and it soon became so hot, that I myself invited him to come down again. "Oh, yes," he answered; "here I am far from everywhere. There is more life downstairs with you all; and then the terrace, I can walk there. Let us go down." That terrace especially attracted him; thence he could enjoy the outer air, the sun, the beautiful country he was so fond of. I think it was that day that he pulled up some weeds from around the pomegranate tree, and dug a few feet of a row of creepers; then, with the assistance of his wife, he stretched a wire along the wall over a jessamine and some vines. This seemed to amuse him. "In this way I shall try my strength every day," he said, as he went in. He never returned. An increase of weakness came on: the least movement tired him. He never left his arm-chair unless from necessity, or to take

a few steps, at the entreaty of his wife, who did all she could to draw him out of his lethargy. She sang, played; but generally without any effect. At least I did not observe that it made any impression upon him. He remained impassive to all that went on, his head leaning over the side of the arm-chair, his eyes closed.

And yet he had transient rallyings, a sort of sudden leaps towards life. It was in one of these moments that he went, of his own accord, to the piano, and played a tune; poor tune, that I shall always have in my heart! That piano went off to Toulouse. I saw it depart with a regret that Maurice had imprinted there. I should like to have written these words on it: "Here a young sufferer sang his last tune." Perhaps some hand passing over the keys would have stopped short for prayer. Dear soul of the departed, I would fain procure him aid from all quarters! "'T is the best office Christians can do for each other." I return to this word of faith of the friend of Montaigne, which so comes home to my heart.

I want, too, to tell you how much ground of consolation this dear brother has left me in his Christian sentiments. Nor do these date merely from his latter days; he had kept Easter in Paris. At the beginning of Lent he wrote

to me, "Father Buquet has been to see me; to-morrow he comes again, to converse with me as you meant." Dear friend! yes; I had meant this for his happiness, and he came into it for mine, not yielding, however, out of good nature, but doing it through conviction. He was incapable of counterfeiting an act of faith. I had seen him alone at Tours, in his room, reading the Missal on Sunday. For some time back he had taken pleasure in religious books, and I congratulated myself on having left him Saint Thérèse and Fénélon, which were of so much use to him. God never ceased to inspire me with regard to him. Accordingly it occurred to me to take with us for the journey a good little book, most charming reading, translated from the Italian, - Father Quadrupani, - which gave him great pleasure. From time to time he would ask me for a page or so of it: "Read me a little of Quadrupani." He would listen with attention, then make a sign to me when he had enough, meditate on it, close his eyes, and remain quietly feeding, as it were, on the sweet and comfortable sacred words. Thus, too, daily at the Cayla we read him some sermons of Bossuet, and passages of the 'Imitations.' To this he wished to add some lighter reading, and we began Scott's 'Old Mortality,' having nothing new in our library. He went through a volume with some appearance of interest, then threw it by. He soon got weary of everything; we did not know what to devise to give him pleasure. Visitors afforded him very little amusement; he only cared to converse with his doctor, a clever man, who consequently pleased the patient, and kept up his attention. I used to observe these moral influences, and that in the most utter prostration that intellectual nature of his would rally at any contact with a kindred intellect. Thus the very evening before his death, or the evening before that, when he seemed at the last gasp, he actually began to laugh heartily at your pleasantly witty article, 'Youth must needs Pass,' with which he was charmed. He would have it read twice. "Write off this to Aurevilly," he said to me, "and tell him it is long since I have laughed as I did just now." Alas! he laughed no more. You gave him the last intellectual pleasure he had. Everything that came from you was a source of enjoyment to him. Friendship was his sweetest and strongest feeling, - the one he most thoroughly entered into, best liked to talk of, and took with him, I may truly say, unto the tomb. Oh, yes; he loved you to the end. I don't know on what occasion, speaking of you, when we were alone, I said to him, "Do you like, dear, that I should write to your friend?"

"If I like it!" answered he, with his heart in his voice. That very day, on leaving him, I

sent you a bulletin of his health.

We thought him very weak, yet I went on hoping. I had written to the Prince of Hohenlohe, and I was expecting a miracle. The cough had got quieter, the appetite kept up. The day before his death he still dined with us. Alas I our last family dinner. We had on the table figs, that he took a fancy for, and that, on being consulted by him, I was cruel enough to forbid; but others having approved them, he ate one, which did him neither harm nor good, and I was saved from the bitterness of having deprived him of anything. I want to tell, to preserve everything relating to his last moments; very sorry that I do not remember more. An expression of his to my father has stayed with me. That poor father was returning from Gaillac, in the burning heat, bringing him medicines. As soon as Maurice saw him, he said, while reaching out his hand, "It must be owned that you are very fond of your children." Oh, truly my father was very fond of him! Soon after the poor invalid, rising with difficulty from his arm-chair

to pass into the next room, said, as if speaking to himself, "I am very low." I heard this sentence of death fall from his lips without replying, perhaps without believing it; but it struck me. In the evening he was carried in his arm-chair into his own room. While he was getting into bed, Erembert and I were agreeing: "He is very weak this evening, but the chest is more free, the cough is leaving him. If he can go on till the month of October, he will be safe." This was on the 18th of July, at ten o'clock in the evening.

That night was a bad one. I could hear his wife speak to him, and get up often. Everything was heard from my room; I was listening to each sound. As soon as it was possible I went in the morning to look at him, and his expression struck me. There was something fixed about it. "What does that indicate?" said I to the doctor, who soon came.

"That Maurice is worse."

"Oh, my God!" Erembert went to warn my father, who came instantly. He soon left the room, and having consulted with the doctor, the latter announced that it was time to think of the last sacraments. M. le Curé was sent for, as well as my sister, who was at church. I don't know if I shall remember all. My father

begged M. Facien, the doctor, to prepare Caroline for the terrible tidings. He took her aside. I soon went to join her, and found her in floods of tears. I heard her say, "I knew it." She knew that he was going to die. "For three months past I have been preparing myself for the sacrifice." Accordingly this deathblow did not startle her; but I saw that she was heartbroken.

"My poor sister," I said, passing my arm around her neck, "the dreadful moment is come; but we must not weep. We have to announce it to the sufferer; we have to prepare him for the sacraments. Do you feel strength to fulfil this duty, or shall I do it?"

"Yes, do it, Eugénie; do it."

She was choking with sobs. I instantly went to the bedside of the sufferer, and praying God to sustain me, bent over him, and kissed his forehead, which was all wet. "My friend," I said, "I have something to tell thee. I wrote on your behalf to the Prince of Hohenlohe."

"Oh, how right you were!"

"You know that he has worked undeniable miracles of healing at Alby, in a family, who informed me of them. God operates by whom He will, and as He will. He it is who is the Sovereign Physician of the sick. You have all confidence in Him, have you not?"

"Supreme confidence" (or full confidence, I don't remember which).

"Well, then, my friend, let us, in full confidence, implore His grace. Let us unite in prayer; we in the church, thou in thy heart. A mass is to be said, at which we shall communicate; thou, too, mightest communicate also. Jesus Christ used to go and visit the sick, you know."

"Oh, I am quite willing! Yes; I will join in your prayers."

"Very well, then, my friend. M. le Curé was to come here; you will confess. You have no difficulty, have you, in speaking to M. le Curé?"

" None at all."

"You will then prepare yourself for confession."

He asked for a book of self-examination, and made his wife read him all the prayers that precede confession. I went away; I was going to prepare him his almond emulsion. Meanwhile M. le Curé arrived. The sufferer begged him to wait a little, as he did not find himself, he said, sufficiently prepared. One saw that he was absorbed in recollection and meditation. Alas I the last recollection of his soul 1 At the end of about ten minutes he had the priest

called in, and remained with him nearly half an hour, speaking, we were told, with as much lucidity and facility as he could have done in health. "Never did I listen to a better-made confession," were M. le Curé's words. What certifies me as to his state of mind is what he did when M. le Curé was going away. He recalled him, to speak of M. de Lamennais, and to make a last and positive retraction of his errors. Then he added, "M. le Curé, I do not know whether I am mistaken, but do you think me very ill? If so, I will receive extreme unction. As to communicating, I would rather do so fasting, and wait till to-morrow." Upon being told that the sick had a dispensation from fasting, he was ready for everything, and prepared for the last sacraments. We were coming and going, my sister and I, occupied with the necessary arrangements for this room, that was about to be changed into a church. His wife, with the sadness and piety of an angel, repeated to him the communion prayers, which are so beautiful, and those for the dying, so touching. He himself asked for those of extreme unction, calmly and naturally, as for a thing of course.

Nevertheless he was hungry, he was sinking, and asked me for his emulsion, which I took him. As he was in a violent perspiration, I

said, "My dear one, do not put out your arm; I will feed you like a néné" (a cradled infant). A smile played on his lips on which I laid the spoon, where I poured in the last nourishment he ever took. And so I was able once more to wait upon him, to care for him as formerly. He was restored to me dying. I noticed it as a favour granted by God to my sister's love, that I disposed him for the last sacraments, and prepared him his last meal, - aliment for both lives. This seems nothing, - is nothing, in fact, for any one else. I was the only one to remark it, and to bless God for these relations with my dear Maurice resumed just before he left us. Melancholy and indefinable compensation for so many months of passive affection! Was I wrong to wish to attend upon him? Who knows? . . . But I want to finish this painful narrative; I must not heed the heart, which would never know where to end.

When the sacred *viaticum* arrived the sufferer was better, as it appeared to me. His eyes, which were open again, had no longer the alarming fixity of the morning, nor was he so exhausted as then; he seemed morally revived, and in full enjoyment of his faculties the whole time of the sacred ceremonies. He followed them all mentally with the utmost piety. When

it came to the extreme unction, as he only put out one hand, the priest said, "The other," and he eagerly presented it. He listened to very simple and touching words, and received the last vialicum with every expression of faith. He still lived, still heard us. He chose between the water and the tea which were offered him to drink; pressed the hand of M. le Curé, who went on speaking to him of heaven; glued his lips to a cross that his wife held out to him; then he sank. We all fell to kissing him, and he to dying, — Friday morning, 19th July, 1839, at half-past eleven, — eleven days after our arrival at the Cayla, eight months after his marriage.

There you have it, the end of that life so linked with yours, such as I have been able to recover it for you through my tears. Why were you not there! Why did you not assist at the Christian death of your friend!

27th.—There you are at last! as Billy, the charming Indian child, used to say whenever he saw me return. He would seem quite delighted, as I am with your letter, so tardy and so much desired. And yet it was only a somewhat lengthy silence which gave me such funereal apprehensions. 'T is that I so readily believe in death now. Now, then, I am reassured. But what are our impressions? I do

not feel in certainty the profound sensation I did in doubt. Pleasure does not light upon me

as readily as pain.

A sweet day this. I am still expecting my father, who has been absent a whole week. His presence is more than ever necessary to me, now that I am more than ever alone at the Cayla. While looking in the direction in which he will come, I keep thinking of so many absent ones who will come no more. I have seen many depart by that road. At the foot of the hill there is a cross, where, two years ago, we parted with my dear Maurice. I accompanied him so far. For a long time the ground retained the impress of a horse's hoof at the place where Maurice stopped to reach out his hand to me. I never pass that way without looking for that effaced mark of a farewell beside a cross.

How all my life goes out towards that brother! how everything that relates to him penetrates me! An exclusive feeling grows to immensity in solitude. Like that chestnut-tree spreading out alone down there in the meadow, it covers the whole soul. I am not sure that I should not do well to go away from here for a few days. Fixed ideas! oh, those fixed ideas, which everything feeds and recalls! Life is a

duty. Under this religious aspect one values it, and one ought to desire its preservation. Wilfully to let it decay would be a sin in the sight of God. But for this, but for the heaven I see, I should let myself sink. But I should be wrong, very wrong, as a Christian, to allow myself to give way like those who have no support. Is not God there, and does He not tell us that He is near to those who suffer? Sustaining faith! Oh, how great are our obligagations to this faith! I look upon it as the only true support man has. Other things seem, indeed, to be so, but they are but apparent props, pillars of cloud.

From Montels, an old castle in the mountains.

14th March. — What I love follows me everywhere; this book has accompanied me, as, alas! formerly another book came to this place when I was going to see my friend Louise, a short time before I left for Paris. Thus it is that the same things sometimes reappear in life without our intending to repeat them. Most certainly I did not count upon returning here. I have remarked these analogies of the past and the present; this one as a contrast. I came then in joy, I return in mourning; I had a living brother, he is dead. . . .

I like being at Montels. One does just as one likes, without any visitors or fuss of company; one goes out, comes in, walks about, without any restraint. Then the country is fine, with diversified scenery, and gentle hills covered with chestnut-trees, pleasant to look at and explore. If I had to leave the Cayla, it is here I should like to live. To make this castle a charming residence, nothing is wanted but to rebuild some ruins, which even in their present state are full of interest. What a charm there is in that old saloon, hung all round with old portraits of military men, gownsmen, and beautiful women, the like of whom one no longer sees, whether as to good looks or attire! I have noticed one in a ball-dress, by the side of a Capuchin, meditating on a death's-head. From all time contrasts have met. Montels is full of such, - both the house and its inhabitants; more particularly that room called the cardinal's room, - because it used to be occupied by the Cardinal de Bernis, - which is now quite full of potatoes.

I am not surprised that this wit, who was a connoisseur in pretty things, should have chosen this place for his country home, near enough and far enough from the town as it is, with a landscape completely adapted for pastorals and

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poetical reveries, — if still the cardinal indulged in such. Who knows if he did not? Who knows in what time or in what state one ceases to be a poet? This one, however, before the close of his life, remembering that he was a priest, repented him of his light songs, and made efforts to destroy them; but they had flown far and wide. Evil is not to be checked by a wish. The epistles to Chloe and La Pompadour remain, and no one knows, or very few, that their author wished to reduce them to ashes. I have this fact from my father, whose father was acquainted with this Apollo-cardinal.

Then there is also here, in an old drawer, a curious sentimental correspondence between the famous La Peyrouse and Mdlle. de Vezian his betrothed, who afterwards became Marquise de Sénégas, doubtless while the sailor was ploughing the seas. I must ask my cousins to let me see these letters. Precious discovery! wreck of the heart of La Peyrouse, — as curious as that of his vessel. But who thinks of this? Who ever dreams of looking for a great man in his private relations?

This is how Montels might occupy its little niche in history. Many celebrated places have less interest; all that is wanted is to know how to bring out this interest, which is not, as it seems to me, often wanting either in men or nature. How many treasures there may be under a clump of moss, or, if I chose, in this ungraceful and chilly room! In the first place, there is the sun at my feet under the table, where I warm them in the great square of light that comes through a window at my side. . . .

Description interrupted by departure, — to which I was called away in the very middle of my page!

[No date.] - What can I say; what can I reply? What is this you announce to me as preparing for Maurice? Poor ray of glory which is to fall upon his tomb! How I should have loved it on his brow, during his life, when we could have seen it without tears! It is too late now for the joy to be complete; and yet I experience a certain sorrowful happiness from this funereal note of fame which is to connect itself with the name I have so much loved, and to tell me that this dear memory will not die. Oh, how fain would the heart immortalise what it loves! I had heard this said; I feel it, and the desire extends from heaven to earth. Whether through love or faith, for this world or the next, the soul rejects annihilation. Maurice, my friend, still lives; he has been extinguished, has disappeared from us here

below, only as a star dies in one place to live again in another. How this thought consoles, supports me in this separation; how much of hope I link with it! This ray which is to shine on Maurice, - I seem to see it come down from heaven; it is the reflection of his aureole, of that crown which shines on the brow of the elect, of saved spirits. Those who lose themselves have nothing before God which marks them out, which remains theirs, - whatever distinctions men may confer upon them; for all human glory passes quickly away. I should not rejoice if I saw only this last for my brother; but his was a holy death, and I accept with delight this glorification of his intellect which may associate itself with the canonisation of his soul.

I shall say no more to you on this infinite subject, having written to you and expressed my feelings and my profound acknowledgments to you, to M. Sainte-Beuve, and to Madame Sand, for the part that you are each of you to take in the publication of the 'Centaur,' this beautiful unknown work of my brother's, — in the bringing his life and his talents to light.

Oh, how you touch me when you say that my thoughts, my expressions, my images, often remind you of Maurice; that he and I were twin brother and sister in mind! This is the

most beautiful likeness that you can find for me, and the sweetest to myself. . . . ¹

and April. - A current of impressions and thoughts forsaken at that erasure, reabsorbed into the soul and lost to the paper! Ought I to regret this? No, doubtless; but these suppressions, these checked outpourings, I should like to know their cause! It was not so formerly: thought, life, flowed abundantly, went along at full speed, spread itself in a thousand directions, a thousand ways; and now it stops at a grain of sand; I break off at each moment; little nothings have an influence over me, -a symptom of debility. What would it be but for the support from on high which sometimes lifts me so mightily? I should be entirely and utterly prostrated. Society, conversation, diversion, are of very little use in this languor of the soul. I have just tried them. Nothing takes any radical effect; nothing changes the depths of our nature. All that distractions can do is to act on the surface, to cause some quite external smile.

Read 'Waverley.' Oh, the heartrending death of a brother; the terrible catastrophe at the close I I am deeply moved by it. Although fictitious, things of that kind penetrate, make

¹ Lines effaced.

one suffer; a story has drawn tears from me, though I seldom shed them over stories; but Walter Scott is so interesting, and so stirs the heart in this mournful picture, filled with touching details! Why have I not books sometimes, those conversers with the soul, which make such an impression on it? Nothing acts so powerfully upon me as reading; nothing makes me feel so much, now that I am losing my taste for all things.

And writing, what is the use of writing? A question sometimes dumb, - more often quite full of replies. And yet I write but little. Even this book gets neglected. Several days pass without leaving any record here, and I have left off putting down dates. I no longer find pleasure in reverting to an epoch, or to anything in my sad life of memories. What used to charm, or might have charmed me, only grieves, because everything is stamped with mourning. One day, perhaps, in course of time, this state of mind may change; but as yet no diversion is possible. I have just tried society; decidedly it wearies me. The cleverness one meets with there is not to my taste; foolish jesting does not enliven me. I can take no part in it; accordingly I may say, as Esther I think said, that in the midst of crowds and amusements I never cease to find myself alone. Do you know where I do find pleasure? In church. There I am at home. All my life long I have preferred a chapel to a drawing-room, angels to men, and internal converse with God to that which sounds to the ear. One has not been born in solitude, — one has not been brought up, has not lived between heaven and earth, in the open air, beside the cross, to feel as others do who receive their thoughts and affections from the world. Nothing has ever come to me from that quarter, and doubtless nothing will come. It is not worth my while, nor is it my intention, to turn in that direction.

What a remembrance occurs to me! On this very day I lost my mother; on this day I left Maurice and Paris. Sad date, the 2nd of April! Life is all intersected with sorrows. The birds, doubtless, have no sorrows; at all events not the thrush which has been singing under my window all day long. Happy little creature! I have often caught myself listening to it, enjoying its whistlings, chirpings, and salutations to the spring. These sweet glad songs under a juniper-tree, rising on the breeze to my little room, have an effect that I cannot describe. Valentino does not approach them in charm, — Valentino, where, nevertheless, I heard eighty

musicians and some of Beethoven. To prefer a poor little thrush to all that, what impertinence to the fine arts! Decidedly I am a savage!

Yes, I used to ask myself at those concerts, and many other things in Paris, "Where, then, is the rapture that people promised thee?" I saw, I heard, marvels indeed; and yet nothing to surprise me. Surprise, then, will only be felt in heaven. This falling short in our sensations, whence comes it? From our finite and our infinite, no doubt; from the soul which is touched through the senses receiving less than it perceives. Besides, since Eve, all satisfied curiosity is disappointed.

[No date.] — Looked over 'Bossuet's History,' replete with grandeur, with that elevation of the age of Louis XIV. religiously personified in this man of genius and faith. It is too great for me to speak of it, but the impression made on me by this reading is so beautiful and good that I note it down; and then what recollections link themselves with those fragments of eloquence which carry us back to the most glorious era of France, the most brilliant court in the world, and me to my childhood and to Maurice! At thirteen or fourteen years old I used to devour the 'Funeral Orations' that Erembert

had brought back from college, doubtless without understanding them, with no other attraction to them than those thoughts of heaven and death which so early exerted such influence over me; and then, later, Maurice spoke to me so often, so admirably, of the sermons of Bossuet, which we read together, passages of which he marked for me, the last religious work that I opened for him during his illness, - all this touched me in reading this history, in which I saw mine reflected. Moss upon a cedar-tree; a nothing, yet which gave me as much to think upon as the great period. Well, it was my great period too. My beautiful past days of youth, with Maurice the king of my heart! Perhaps there is some weakness in this bias of thought towards one's self and all that belongs to one; it is self-love, egotism. I should regret it, were it not the peculiar property of suffering nature to link the world with grief. And, besides, nothing of this appears externally; it goes on in the soul. No one is aware of what I feel; no one suffers from it. I only pour out my heart before God, and here. Oh, to-day, what efforts I make to shake off this profitless sadness, this sadness without tears, arid, beating on the heart like a hammer! It is the most painful of all to bear; and yet it must be borne

like any other, and one does bear it with the same succour: the cross, with Jesus sorrowful unto death in the Garden of Olives.

The Litanies of Grief that I made in a burst of anguish may find their place here:—

- O Christ, who didst come to suffer, take pity on my sadness.
 - O Christ, who tookest our sorrows on Thyself;
 - O Christ, who wert neglected at Thy birth;
 - O Christ, who livedst in a foreign land;
- O Christ, who hadst not where to lay Thy head;
 - O Christ, who wert misunderstood;
 - O Christ, who hast suffered temptations;
 - O Christ, who hast suffered contradictions;
 - O Christ, who hast seen Lazarus die;
- O Christ, who in agony hast sweated blood in the Garden of Olives;
- O Christ, who hast been sorrowful unto death:
- O Christ, who hast received the kiss of Judas:
- O Christ, who hast been abandoned by Thy disciples;
 - O Christ, who hast been denied by a friend;
- O Christ, who hast been crowned with thorns;
 - O Christ, who hast been scourged;

O Christ, who hast borne Thy cross;

O Christ, who didst thrice sink down on the way to Calvary;

O Christ, who didst see the women of Jerusalem weeping;

O Christ, who didst meet Thy mother;

O Christ, who sawedst at the foot of the cross the disciple whom Thou lovedst;

O Christ, who hast looked on the unrepentant thief at Thy side;

O Christ, who hast suffered so much for sinners:

O Christ, who didst end Thy life by a mighty groan, — have pity on my sadness.

Palm Sunday. — To-day, that everything grows green, blossoms, and rejoices beneath the sun of Palm Sunday, something which shares a little in all this enters my soul. I yield to it; I rest on these sweet feelings as upon meadowgrass. Oh, how much beauty there is in my solitude and my thoughts of the day; a day of hosannas, hymns, bursts of faith and love for the Saviour, the King of Glory, the Conqueror of the world, who advances riding upon an ass, bringing in his train not vanquished nations, but the sick he has cured, the dead he has raised! At church I had before me amongst the choir children a little boy whose voice, figure, and

animated gestures, reminded me of Maurice when he used to swing the censer at Andillac. This, mingling with religious emotions, brings on in me at this moment a mental condition that I enjoy, and leave recorded in this Journal in presence of this branch, blessed, and adorned with so many sweet and pious memories. In my childhood it was a nosegay of cakes and fruits that we carried joyfully into the church. The one who had the finest branch was the happiest and had been the best; a charming object of emulation for children this. - a branch covered with bonbons, a banquet beneath verdure, given by Jesus to the little children whom He loves, and in return for their having on this same day sung hosannas to Him in the temple! What gentle, gracious aspects religion has l How lovable it is in our first years!

Marie, Marie des C——, quite overcome and alarmed at an increase of suffering which keeps her in bed in sad apprehension. "Adieu," she says to me; "not I hope for the last time, but there can scarcely be a sadder or more painful one." Must we, then, be two hundred leagues from one another? Can I not possibly go and join this dear friend whom I see suffer thus in her solitude? But my father, my brother, detain me as strongly as she attracts me. My

heart is torn asunder. My God, how affection makes us suffer! For me, everything of this kind turns to pain, either for this life or the next; either the spiritual state or the state of health afflicts me. And yet Erembert has greatly consoled me to-day. I have a Christian brother who fulfils all the obligations of the name at this holy Easter season.

At this time last year, how Maurice occupied my thoughts in the same manner! This memory blends with everything in my life. I passed the night in dreaming that I was with him, half alive, half dead. I saw him and spoke to him, but he was only a body that told me his soul was in heaven. O soul of Maurice! O Maurice entire! when shall I behold thee indeed? What aspirations towards the place that reunites brother and sister, all those whom death has parted; and at other times what fear and trembling at the thought of that other world where God judges us!

My soul, however, has nothing that weighs on it, — nothing that occasions it remorse. I have lived happily far from the world, in ignorance of almost anything that inclines to evil or develops it within us. At the age of keen impressions I had none but pious ones. I have lived as if in a convent, and accordingly my

life must be incomplete as regards the world. What I know in this direction comes to me almost as an instinct, an inspiration, - as poetry does; and it has sufficed me wherever I have been. A certain tact informs me, gives me the clew to things, and an appearance of being at home where I generally feel myself a stranger, as for instance in society. But I say but little; I have the faculty of comprehension far more than of expression. The last requires practice; when I converse I feel that I need it, that the à propos is wanting, as well as precision of thought. I hardly ever say in the first instance what I should say by and by. Compliments find me nil; fun somewhat less so, no doubt because it stimulates the mind. Lately I replied by nonsense to demonstrations of politeness that took me unawares. Then, again, they were from some one who intimidated me, - a clever man who made me shy, which checks the spring of thought. Strange enough, I can converse with first-rate intellects without any embarrassment; I feel no more intimidated by M. Xavier de Maistre than by his arm-chair; and yet I might remain tied and bound in the presence of the most ordinary people, - might lose my selfpossession in passing peasants who looked at me, or in speaking to my confessor. Maurice was the only one in the world with whom I was never timid.

Easter Eve. - Oh, what a difference last year, at Paris! A return of deep memories! That evening there had been a consultation of doctors; I was much affected. We were at Valentino. It was there that a packet sealed with black was delivered; there, too, that poor Marie chanced to be, - singular meeting on a last evening. That concert wound up my stay in Paris; it was the knell of my death to the world, that I heard ring with I know not what sweet and sad emotion, somewhat like what I now feel in recalling these things, these persons, who return to me like shadows in my little room, at the same hour and less harmoniously than at Valentino. My concert now is the rain beating on my window, and so many regrets that beat on my soul. I have felt, I have seen, what then I only dreaded, -death, separation for ever. How much I need to dwell upon to-morrow's festival! What a blessed thing this resurrection! My God, since we must see die, how sweet to believe that we shall also see rise again! May these thoughts of faith, to which I am about to devote myself, banish others which crowd thick and oppress my soul.

The Evening of Easter Day. — Oh, Easter, flowery Easter, — day of revival, refreshment,

celestial jubilee! I know not what to say, how to express this feast of the Passover so magnificently beautiful in ancient and modern times, which has prompted the music of In Exitu and O Filii, and in me so many internal hymns, when I saw Erembert this morning at the communion table. Another brother saved! One must be a Christian sister to feel this and the peculiar happiness which springs from the hope of heaven for a soul one loves, - from seeing it united to God the sovereign good.

20th April. — Oh, it was indeed a nightingale that I heard this morning! It was about daybreak, and just as I woke; so that afterwards I thought I had been dreaming. But I have just heard him again; my minstrel is arrived. I note two things every year, - the arrival of the nightingale and of the first flower. These are epochs in the country and in my life. The beginning of spring, which is so exquisitely beautiful, is thus chronicled, and the lateness or earliness of the season. My charming calendars do not mislead; they correctly announce fine days, the sun, the green leaves. When I hear the nightingale, or see a swallow, I say to myself, "The winter is over," with inexpressible pleasure. For me it is a new birth out of cold, fog, a dull sky, - out of a whole dead nature.

Thought reappears with all its flowers. Never was epic poem written in winter.

[No date.] - Adieu, great-aunt, whom I have just been kissing, dead; adieu, last remnant of a generation of ancestors, the Verdum family, all in the grave now, and so scattered too, in the Isle of France, the Isle Bourbon, elsewhere, and here. My poor aunt has had to mourn over all her family, - father, mother, nephews, - that first the Revolution, and then death took from her; and now she too follows the numerous train. We shall follow it in like manner. Alas, we only form a funeral procession here below; and what rapidity in our march! One is afraid of noticing it, but one goes on all the same turning aside one's head, or without thinking about it. It is very sad, but it is very profitable however, to think of it. The saints have understood this, -those men who meditate upon a death's-head to preserve them from the corruption of life.

* But whence comes it that these thoughts touch me so little,—that last agonies, deaths, coffins, which once I could not bear to hear spoken of, are now ordinary objects as regards the impressions they make? What a shudder I used to feel only in seeing the house or the room of a deceased person! and now I enter, I touch,

I kiss; but what a kiss, my God! It is the second that I have laid on cheeks that freeze the lips, that make one's whole frame shiver, and give the soul feelings of the other world. I learnt that from Maurice; I learnt death and all that follows. Since, nothing amazes or alarms me. They would not let me go to the funeral, but I might have done so without any risk; nothing would do me harm now. I have got habituated to things of the kind. Was there not a king who accustomed himself to poison? Well, then, I will pray God here for my aunt while they are burying her. God hears us from every place, and I can easily, if I will, picture to myself a churchyard.

[No date.] — M. de M — writes me word that his wife is too weak to write to me. However unsatisfactory these tidings may be, they are welcome, so afraid was I of worse, so much had that Palm Sunday letter frightened me. In short, I take courage, since there is some degree of improvement. My God, how I shrink from losing this dear friend! Oh, misery of separation! this one would complete it indeed. A Nevers nun, who is going back, offers me a good opportunity for the journey if I could go away from here. But Erembert, but my father, — so many strong reasons keep me

back. I have my heart torn asunder, attracted by the Cayla and the Coques, drawn about equally in the two directions. One likes this, and one suffers from it too. We want a centre of affection; a somewhere where all one loves may congregate; a little Paradise on earth, the image of that in heaven, which is but a society of love. How often I have dreamed of such, and how the Cayla would please me if I could assemble my chosen ones, - the little number that I possess dispersed about the world and that I distinguish from it! If I were asked, "Who are they?" I should reply, "My chosen ones are like no others; look for them amongst what you most seldom see, amongst rare natures."

[No date.] — If I have put down nothing here for a week past, it is because I have been entirely occupied in writing to Marie, writing a private journal, — flying sheets of friendship which will go and drop unexpectedly upon her bed some time or other; and this will be a pleasure to the poor invalid. These are nothings, but the nothings of the heart have their charm. To this I added books that she had lent me, and a map of my country, — of those places that her soul dwells in so much. I want to show her them, and enjoy her pleasure by anticipation.

As to the books, it costs me an effort to return them; I only part regretfully with what I took away at my departure, - pages fraught with farewells, with recollections of travel, read in the diligence between Bourges and Tours, when I was sufficiently alone to be able to read. If I ever see them again I shall read them once more, in memory of that past, of that state of mind in which I then was, - regrets, sadness, fears; suspended between life and death; constantly dwelling on the poor invalid I was going to see, with the most heartrending and sometimes the most conflicting thoughts; for one cannot help hoping, though one does not very well see to what hope clings. Marie, Marie, with what sad presentiments we parted! I have always remembered the last look of her at the window, wrapped in a black cloak. She seemed to me mourning personified.

1st of May. — Whatever may be my lack of interest nowadays in all that goes on under the sun, I will nevertheless mark this 1st of May according to my habit. It used to be a different day for me to what it is now, this return of the sweetest month in the year. Everything is changed!

Poetry interrupted by thunder! What a noise,

what explosions, what an accompaniment of rain, wind, lightnings, shaking, roaring, terrible voices of the storm! And for all that the nightingale went on singing, sheltered under some leaf or other; one would have said that he laughed at the storm or competed with the thunder. A clap and a burst of song made a charming contrast, to which I listened, leaning on my window. I enjoyed this sweet song through all the awful uproar.

6th. - This is to preserve the date of a letter from the Nivernais; dear tidings, which form an event in my life, which is all of the heart. In the course of time, in a few months even, I shall be very glad to come back upon a day fraught with such sweet emotions upon a sad background as Marie causes me. On this occasion it is her mother - to me a mother by adoption -who writes, and touches me not a little by speaking of her daughter, and of the hope (I know not whence derived) of seeing me arrive with the Nevers nun; but the nun is gone. ... Oh, my father! he carries the day with me, even over Marie. I feel it at this moment that there has been an idea of my leaving him. How all this makes one suffer! And yet it is happiness to be beloved. But what of a happiness that borders upon tears?

I have never been in the East, but I doubt that its beautiful nights can be more beautiful than this present one. I was seized with wonder and admiration on opening my window before going to bed, according to my habit of looking out to see the state of the sky: how clear, how transparent it is, all starred, with those half-tints of a half-moon, and . . .

[No date.] - Many days since that night, and between these two lines of writing. How little space time occupies! Once over, it is nothing. In this small space one might compress an age. I see nothing in it, although it has occurred in the history of my life, because all remains within, and I have no longer any interest in describing anything, - neither myself nor anything else. Everything dies; I die to everything. I am dying of a slow moral agony, a state of inexpressible suffering. Go, poor little book, into forgetfulness, with those objects which vanish away! I will not again write a line till I have recovered some degree of life, - till God has raised me out of that tomb in which my soul is buried. Maurice, my friend, it was not so with me when I had thee! To think of him would rouse me out of the deepest depression; to have him in the world was enough for me. With Maurice, even between two mountains, I should never have found time hang.

An announcement of a death,—the death of a young girl, Camille de Boisset, sister of one of my friends, the heavenly Antoinette.

For a long time past I have found no reading more agreeable and to my taste than what I have just been engaged in, - a book which the world hardly knows, - a Catechism, the very introduction to which wins heart and mind, and is the most remarkable passage of the first part, an exquisite foretaste of a work exquisite in faith, intellect, and love. I anticipated sweet emotion, and foresaw bright rays of light for myself in this religious reading, and am now going to give myself up to it; I am going to see and know my religion as a whole, which I have not yet done. How infinite it is in marvels and causes for admiration! each effort of attention, each glance discovering some reason for loving and admiring it more. The wants of my heart lead me in this direction; they are satisfied by divine things alone. This was always the case, but now still more so, since those charms that remained to life and nourished the soul are lost. Happy are we when the Spirit of God breathes upon this void and calls forth a creation there. It seems that this is going on in me; that something new, which is in no way human, is taking place, — a transformation belonging to another life, another world, where God dwells, where I have my mother and Maurice. Oh, how death removes one from the earth, and disaffects one to it! I have remarked something similar in Saint Theresa. After the death of her brother she wrote, "I am four years older than he, and I cannot die!"

" . . . When the stem has reached the proper degree of height and strength, one sees a little bud form at its summit. This bud contains all that is most precious in the plant; and accordingly we shall see with what tender and manifold care Providence surrounds it. It first of all covers it with three or four very smooth, very close integuments, in order to preserve it from cold, heat, insects, and rain. The outermost of these folds is the hardest, and offers the most resistance; the next surpasses in delicacy and beauty muslin or silk; finally, the last, which comes in contact with the germ, has nothing comparable to it for fineness and softness of texture. It is so made not to injure the little being it incloses. As this precious germ grows, the coverings enlarge: at length they open; but not entirely or suddenly, so as to expose the little nursling to danger. When it is

strong enough, all these tender wraps of muslin, all this exquisite down, are thrown back as we throw back the swaddling-clothes which wrap an infant."

How pretty! I could not help this note of admiration; but I want to give the whole of the charming picture.

"This precious germ is destined to give birth to fresh plants; but this new birth is to be accompanied with inexpressible joy and magnificence. When the child of a monarch comes into the world, it is received into a golden cradle, placed in richly decorated apartments. This is what the good God does for the child or the fruit of the least plant. Petals of inimitable delicacy, softness, and sweetness, painted with the most beautiful, varied, and agreeable colours, serve it for swaddling-clothes and cradle. Around it rises the most exquisite perfume, and it is in the midst of this abode. richer than the Louvres of kings, that it is born and grows. Examine all this closely, and then, if you can, forbid your lips to exclaim with the divine Saviour, ' Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

Never was there a flower so richly painted, never more gracefully described. One might suppose one's self reading some new Bernardin de St. Pierre; and yet it is only a passage of a Catechism, — of that Catechism of perseverance that I spoke of, by the Abbé Gaume, — a beautiful and excellent work of the present day, where, under the simplest title, we find the whole history of religion related to children in the most attractive manner. One glance at it has charmed me. I am going to revive my soul by reading it through.

23rd. — At length I know that that precious publication of the 'Centaur' has appeared. Some young men from Gaillac have told me so. Since then I do nothing but think of it, and of the past, alas! to which the least thing carries me back. Will you send it me? Who knows? I am perhaps unjust, but your silence lasts so long, and the human heart is so changeable. And what would there be surprising in a man of the world learning to forget a poor hermit friend who cannot afford him much pleasure? I have no other claim than that of being the sister of Maurice, and that may get effaced; time effaces everything.

This morning paid a visit to the fields at sunrise. How charming it is to roam the country at that hour! to find one's self at the waking of flowers, birds, of a whole spring morning! and how easy prayer is then, — how gently it rises

through the balmy air at sight of such gracious and magnificent works of God! One is too happy to see the spring once more. God no doubt intended this to make up for the loss of an earthly Paradise. Nothing gives me such an idea of Eden as this reviving, waving, resplendent nature in all the beautiful freshness of May.

I stopped at the village. Passed round the neck of a sick young man the little gold cross that Maurice used to wear. He kissed it with tears, and that will do him good. The sight of a cross is useful when one suffers. I know nothing that calms more effectually; and I gave it with faith and love.

[No date.] — No, I will not write my emotions of to-day, — so varied, moreover. Oh, how we are shown the myriad faculties of the soul, by such numerous thoughts and feelings! The rainbow has fewer colours, and that in so short a time! In a few minutes sometimes through how many sensations I pass!

28th. — Another death! another vanished from that company of friends linked with Maurice, — young people, all full of joy and the future, all assembled so lately in Paris, and now scattered here and there in tombs! Oh, how grievous it is! what lamentations arise

in me over this rapid and lamentable destruction of human beings! Men of the world (alas I more to be wept over than others), whom I have seen, appreciated, loved in some measure! I had thought M. Bodimont very much devoted to Maurice; his pretty little wife (dead too) had also gained my interest; and all this, connecting itself with my dearest memories, struck me sadly on finding the name of M. Bodimont in the obituary of 'La Gazette.' There is nothing wanting now but that I should meet there with yours, which I no longer find anywhere else.

My God, have pity upon these poor souls of friends!

[No date.] — How beautiful, how very beautiful, this 'Polyeucte' is, and this Corneille, what a line: —

" . . . I love you

Much less than my God, but much more than myself."

After this, and so many beautiful and sublime things that great authors have in all times derived from religion, that people should come and tell us that this religion is a beautiful dream, a flattering image! "What! is our only good, then, an illusion? What! this Christianity, come down to earth with the Son of God, promised by prophets, announced by apostles,

verified by so many miracles, confirmed by so many martyrs,—this only religion worthy of God, this visibly celestial doctrine, which has formed so many wonderful men on earth,—is it then but a dream!" Words of some one or other that recur to me.

30th.—" Dear Eugénie, your loving heart will be sadly affected in reading the account of your friend's sufferings." Beginning of a letter quite full in fact of sorrows written and felt. Poor Marie! who has no strength to tell me of her sufferings. I no longer receive any of her writing; it is her mother who sends me this heartrending bulletin. Grief upon grief, anguish upon anguish; nothing but tears, and even of these I have not all I would, for I do so want that 'Centaur.' This morning I was counting over my lost friendships, dead of death or indifference, and the number is considerable,—though I have seen but few people.

Amongst other fine effects of the wind in the country, none is finer than the sight of a field of wheat, agitated, undulating beneath those mighty blasts which sweep on, depressing and raising so swiftly ridges of ears of corn. The motion makes them look like great green balls rolling in millions one over the other with a quite infinite grace. I have spent half an hour

in contemplating them, and picturing to myself the sea, that green and tossing surface. Oh, how I should like really to see the sea, that great mirror of God, in which are reflected so many marvels!

1st June. — A rare visitor; superior conversation! Every now and then some charming passer-by drops in at the Cayla, that great empty desert, — a valley peopled pretty much as the earth was before man made his appearance in it. One spends days sometimes without seeing anything but sheep, or hearing anything but birds. A solitude this not without its charms for a soul disconnected and disenchanted with the world!

5th. — Oh, this must be dated this day, this 'Revue' just arrived, this moment when at last I am about to read the 'Centaur.' I have it then, I hold it, I look at it, I hesitate to open it, — this posthumous collection for which I would have given my eyes a minute ago. My God, how full of contraries this heart of ours!

9th. — For four days past I have remained without stirring under the impression made by this 'Centaur,' these letters, these revelations so lofty or so intimate, these heart-words so deep and so sad, these presentiments of an approaching end so unhappily realised, these numerous precious and painful things of Maurice's, which

the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' has brought me. Nothing ever touched me so much as its perusal, - not even what I had already read of Maurice's. Is it because these writings of his, which I did not know, renew and increase the feeling of his loss; or that, put forth with a charm that enhances their value, I am more touched by them than with what I had seen without this? Be that as it may, mine is an enjoyment steeped in tears, a happiness of two tastes, a more full, more highly estimated and consequently more sad possession of Maurice than ever, in this beautiful 'Centaur' and these private fragments. How penetrating he is in his heart-sayings; in that gentle, delicate, and subtle way of talking sadness that I have only known in him! Oh, Madame Sand is right in saying that these are words to be set like costly diamonds at the summit of the diadem! Or rather, he was all diamond, was Maurice.

Blessed be those who estimate him as he deserves! blessed be the voice that praises him, that lifts him up so high, with so much respect and intelligent enthusiasm! But this voice is mistaken on one point, mistaken when it says that faith was wanting to this soul. No! faith was not wanting to it; this I declare and attest by what I have seen and heard, by prayer, by

religious reading, by the sacraments, by all Christian acts, by a death that unveiled the life,—a death upon a crucifix. I have a great mind to write to George Sand, to send her something that I have in idea about Maurice,—like a crown to hide this stain that she has placed on his brow. I cannot bear that the very slightest feature should be taken away or added to that face, so beautiful in its reality; and this irreligious and pagan light disfigures it.

15th. - What is this that has come to me from Paris for Maurice? for him who never thought about fame; who did not wish for it? But I accept it, in and for his memory. A Comte de Beaufort has just offered me the publication of a notice in the 'Revue de Paris,' which will counterbalance that in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' by all the honesty and purity of a Christian portrait. Madame Sand makes of Maurice a sceptic, a great poet after the manner of Byron; and it grieved me to see the name of my brother brought forward under this false light, — a name pure of those deplorable errors. I wanted to write to render homage to truth, and now here is a voice that makes itself heard. God be praised! I have but to give our approbation, which is requested. We shall gladly give it.

Friday, 19th of June. - Exactly eleven months (and a Friday) since his death. What a day, and how I have spent it! After prayer, that elevation of the soul towards God and him, I have done nothing but arrange his papers, his letters, his poems; dear and sacred relics, that I did not dare touch at first, and in which I have since found a something that I cannot tear myself from. First tears, and then as it were an intoxication of that past thus reopened, tasted, quaffed in long heart-draughts. Oh, what a sad charm in this ! and what have I found in that mournful portfolio in opening it upon a mass of things? These lines, -lines rendered striking by their application, and left there two years ago !

"I ask not where thou reposest; I shall not seek out thy tomb. We have known life's beautiful days; its saddest belong only to me." "If I could weep as I wept of yore, I should have cause for weeping in reflecting that I was unable to watch beside thy bed." . . . "How much I prefer, to all beautiful objects whatever, the memory I keep of thee!" . . .

Alas! whence had I, seven or eight years ago at least, derived things which contained so cruel a truth? Would one not say that our soul hears misfortune come from afar? so much in these

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thoughts, and others that I discover in the past, seem to relate to my loss, to this dear Maurice. My God!

It is for him I have made this sad inventory, to render this pious homage to his memory, in what he has left me. Till now I had only put his last letters apart; now I will put them all as sacred things.

Ist July. — Heard the first grasshopper. What a pleasure to have heard it this day last year with Maurice, out of my window! But we were on the Bourdeaux road, in heat, dust, and anguish.

An unexpected and charming note from M. Sainte-Beuve, that exquisite author, whose living handwriting I now receive. This would have been happiness formerly; but everything brings bitterness now, and turns to tears. So it is, too, with this note, and so much besides, that I owe to the death of Maurice. All my relationships, my whole life almost, link themselves with a coffin.

8th. — We arrived at the Cayla at seven o'clock in the evening this day last year.

[No date.] — For some time past I neglect my Journal a good deal; I had almost entirely done with it, but I return to it to-day. Not that I have anything interesting to note down in it, but simply to go back to a thing beloved; for I do love this poor record, in spite of my forsaking it. It is linked with a chain of joys, with a past too dear to my heart not to value whatever is a result of it. These pages, then, shall be continued. I leave off, and then resume this dear writing, continuous like the pulsation in the heart, though sometimes suspended awhile by oppression.

The little course of my days is then about to flow on here as before. For the moment, I note down a visit, or one of those I should occasionally like as an agreeable diversion. Although he is a very young man, one can converse with him because he has read, seen the world, and has a gentleness and decision in his opinions which I like in general conversation. We have not the same way of viewing things, and, my age permitting me to express myself freely and to support mine, I find myself contradicting him, from conviction as well as inclination; for whatever I say I think.

If there be anything sweet, delicious, inexpressibly calm and beautiful, most certainly it is one of our fine nights,—this for instance that I have just been looking at out of my window, which is going on beneath the full moon, in the transparency of a balmy air, in which everything is defined as under a crystal globe.

[No date.] - In Brittany, not far from La Chênaie, there is a country-house called the Val de l'Arguenon, a profound solitude on the borders of the ocean, where once Maurice stayed. He went thither on the fall of M. de Lamennais, and lived there as a friend with a friend, the good and affectionate Hippolyte de La Morvonnais. I shall always remember with infinite gratitude this striking instance of attachment and hospitality, as well as a singular and touching sympathy expressed for me by this friend of Maurice, and by his charming wife. For some time we kept up a regular intercourse with this family, and it continued with M. Hippolyte when he lost his wife. After a long silence of two years I have to-day received a letter like those of old, and moreover, alas! quite full of our dead Maurice. To tell you how this has touched me, this testimony of affection, this sort of resurrection of a friend on his friend's grave! Accordingly I shall reply to him and tell him why I let a newspaper acquaint him with this death; for it is thus that he learnt the loss we have sustained. I should not forgive myself for this if I had not only too good reasons to plead in excuse, - a fatality which brought about the loss of my last letters or his. It is the 'Revue des Deux Mondes'

which carried this death, this sorrow, to l'Arguenon, — poor sweet country home, quite full of Maurice!...

We shall see this in a publication of M. Hippolyte's, which he tells me he has sent me with another besides; but as yet I have only received his letter, which is enough for Maurice's poor sister. This friend also had called me his sister. A far-off, unknown fraternity his; but he was to have come and brought me Marie, his little girl, that Maurice had kissed, caressed in her cradle and on her mother's knee. A charming child he used to say; a child that had occupied my thoughts, together with her living and her dead mother, and that I thought with delight of having here and holding on my lap, - dreams and feelings that this letter revives. I had written to this friend at Maurice's request; for of myself it would never have occurred to me to continue with him a correspondence broken off by the death of his poor young wife. Shall we renew it now that I less than ever desire correspondents? But he is a friend of Maurice, who assisted him in misfortune, who knew how to estimate him as he deserved. who was of use to him both as regards devotedness and faith in days unfavourable to the soul. This is enough without taking into consideration what he is doing besides, — writing an article on Maurice in the 'Université Catholique.' Oh, this is more than enough to make me reply, and most cordially, to this last letter! It is in my heart, and part of what God teaches me, to acknowledge even the good intentions of others.

18th. - The last day he spent on earth.

19th. - Eleven o'clock in the Morning. -Mournful strokes of the bell which I have just heard, at the very moment, the very hour, when his soul quitted this world; the same lugubrious sound, just indeed as if this bell were ringing for him now. It was for another death, this funeral toll coming round on the same day, the same hour, that I hear in my soul all this morning. My God! what an anniversary! what a lively and present recollection of that death, that room a funeral chapel, that bed surrounded with tears and prayers, that pale face, that In manus tuas, Domine, said and re-said so loudly! Maurice! God will surely have heard and received into heaven thy soul which asked for heaven. - Oh, once more adieu, and as bitterly as then; time and death have transposed, but not changed thee in my heart. Ever there, brother beloved! formerly for my happiness, now for my tears, which I

convert as much as possible into prayers, these best tokens of love that Christians can give each other. This day, then, shall be nothing but a pious meditation upon death, upon that life above the present, hidden (nay, mysterious, impenetrable), but real, revealed and established by faith, - faith, that substance of what we hope for, that evidence of things not seen. Blessed are they that believe! How I would that all might believe; how I desire this I and that these adorable mysteries were adored by all men! Revealed truths have the property of abysses: they are fathomless and dark; this it is which makes the merit of faith. But we are led to them by sure and luminous roads, by the Word of God and the witnesses to that Word. Hence submission to the truths of faith is an actual and reasonable obedience. When we consider these sacred things it is thus we view them.

IV.

26th July, 1840.

WHAT a sad and precious relic the handwriting of the dead,—the remains, or rather the image, of their soul traced on the paper! For several days I have been gazing thus at my dear Maurice in his letters, which I have arranged in order; funereal packets, in which so many things are inclosed. Oh, what a fine intellect, what a promise of treasures! The longer I live the more I see what we have lost in Maurice. In how many different ways he was attaching! Noble young man,—so gifted; with a nature so elevated, rare, and exquisite; so high an ideal that he came in contact with nothing but through its poetical side. Would he not have charmed by every charm of the heart?

It is indeed to choose to intoxicate one's self with sadness thus to revert to the past, to turn over these papers, to open these manuscript books full of him. Oh, power of memory! These dead things I do believe impress me more than during their life, and feeling repeated is stronger than first feeling. I have often experienced this.

28th.—Two little birds, two companions in my little room, - very welcome guests, who will sing while I write, and will make a musical accompaniment for me, like the pianos that played beside Madame de Staël when she wrote. Sound is inspiring. I can understand that by our country sounds, - so light, aërial, vague, spontaneous, and impressive. What then must be a harmony of science and genius to one who understands it, who has been endowed with a musical organization, developed by study and a knowledge of the art! Nothing in the world is more influential over the soul, or more penetrating. I comprehend this, but I do not feel it. In my profound ignorance I should take as much pleasure in listening to a cricket as a violin. Instruments have no effect upon me, or very little. I must be able to understand as I can a simple air; but great concerts, operas, celebrated pieces, are an unknown tongue. When I say operas, I have never heard one, only their overtures on the piano. Among the forbidden fruits of that paradise, Paris, there were two things that I longed to taste, - the opera and Mademoiselle Rachel; Mademoiselle Rachel especially, who delivers Racine so well they say. That must be very fine.

Another person, too, that I should have had

pleasure in seeing, and that certainly I should never have interdicted to myself, was Madame -, that amiable, charming woman, of whom I heard so much that was good, and this expression, which of itself would have attracted me: "Hers is a universal benevolence." Sweet and rare quality, more especially in a woman of the world! Benevolence is the mantle of charity thrown over all of poor and base we see, as a kind spirit will delight to do, - one checked by kindness in that bent towards satire which we too commonly follow. Madame --- shows in this a remarkable and charming trait of superiority, for nothing is so delightful as a benevolent mind; nothing gives me so much the idea of God on earth as intelligence and kindness. I supremely love to meet these two things united, and to enjoy them intimately. This is what attracted me to a person whom in all probability I shall never see. I do not know what mysterious destiny and sequence of things has always led me to be occupied with strangers, without turning towards them of myself, or by my own independent volition. In a certain way life gets made up independently of us; some one higher than we directs it, brings its events about. And to me this thought is sweet; it comforts me to see myself cared for by a loving Providence.

However unhappy the days may be, I say and feel that they have a bright side of which I am ignorant; the side which is turned toward the other life,—that other life which explains the present, so mysteriously sad. Oh, there is something better above!

30th. — A suicide at Andillac. Horrible suicide! it has come thus far! Poor unhappy peasants, who emulate the spirit of the age, in forgetting God and destroying themselves!

This is the second death since that of the 19th of July; but we shall not have the grief of seeing those two graves side by side, — a bad man laid near our blessed Maurice. This would have pained me, though it has only to do with the memory; as to the soul, it is incomprehensible what it must suffer amidst the reprobate in hell, which is but the gathering-place of what the earth has had of most wicked and infamous. One of its great torments is to find one's self in bad company for ever. May God preserve us from it!

Oh, the grief of fearing for the salvation of a soul; who can understand it! What most made the Saviour suffer in the agony of his passion was not so much the pains he had to endure as the thought of his sufferings proving useless to a great number of sinners, — to those men who

neglect or refuse redemption. The foreseeing of this contempt and abandonment was of itself sufficient to render the God-man sorrowful unto death, — a state of mind in which all Christian souls share more or less, according to their degree of faith and love.

4th August. — Anniversary of his birth, so near that of his death, — two dates in close contact. How soon his life was over, my poor Maurice! I don't know all that I would say, and I shall say nothing; in certain moments thought cannot make its way. I am going to read the 'Dernier Jour d'un Condamné.' A nightmare I am told. What matters it! I am so depressed to-day that there is nothing too heavy to crush this mood, — nothing that can alarm. Now, then!

I was not able to endure the book; not from emotion, not being as yet moved, but from disgust at the horrors that I felt conscious of from the very earliest pages. I closed the book. It was not what my state of mind required; I was mistaken in looking out for a weight; what I wanted was alleviation, not a fresh burden. Prayer relieves me, — conversation, the open air, walks in the woods and fields. This evening I found myself benefited by a rest on the straw and in the fresh breeze, looking at the threshers, — a

merry set who are always singing. It was pretty to see the flails falling in cadence and the ears of corn dancing, the women and children gathering the straw in heaps, and the winnowing-fan turning and sifting the grain, till it fell pure at length like the wheat of God. These smiling, peaceful scenes give pleasure, and do more good to the soul than all M. Hugo's books, although M. Hugo is a powerful writer; but he does not always please me. I have not read his 'Notre Dame,' though I want to do so. But there are desires we keep back.

Why did he not come sooner, this poet of Brittany, this singer of 'La Thébaïde des Grèves,' this hermit friend of Maurice? Why did he not come while Maurice lived, while I was capable of feeling with delight? And yet his poems are still welcome to me in that they come from the Val de l'Arguenon, that they are religious, that one finds God and Maurice in them. Two short years ago all this would have merely delighted me. How times have changed! or, rather, how our soul changes under the course of events l Thus life is different from day to day, all variegated with diverse things and diverse sentiments, so that one period is no longer like another; so that we hardly know ourselves at different times, find it difficult to trace our

identity, changeable and transitory nature that ours is! But the transition will end, and will lead us there where we shall change no more. Oh, permanent life of heaven!

My poet of Brittany who suggests these thoughts is, however, quite the same cloudy dreamer as of old, singing vaguely unto the vague. I have a cousin who would be enchanted with these poems; wailing grief and poetical obscurity are her delight. What I like best in M. Hippolyte is that he is religious, and I can open his poems like a prayer-book. There, then, is a forgotten correspondence renewed. I have not yet tied any ribbon around his letters, — for I place a silken tie around my favourite correspondences, and each has its own colour. This will be bound with black, like death, which, alas, has occasioned it l We are friends in mourning.

7th. — A thanksgiving here, for a favour fervently and continuously requested, and this day obtained from God. Were I to address a journal to heaven it would sometimes be very full; but these things remain in the soul, and I only mark their passage there where my life passes by with its events such as they are.

8th. — According to the ingenious fables of the East, a tear becomes a pearl on falling into

the sea. Oh, if all tears went there, the sea would only roll pearls! Ocean of tears as full as the other, but not more so than the soul sometimes!

oth.—" Maurice loved with a love to come to listen, in the twilight, on a lonely promontory and beneath a moonless sky, to the sea, ebbing towards the far-away bar, or beating on the shores of that wild Arguenon, where the still undeveloped genius of Châteaubriand wandered in youth." Here are some lines, or rather tears, falling from Brittany on that tomb, and hollowing out in me channels for torrents of sadness by the recollections of the past, the regrets of the present, and this heartrending thought repeated by every one,—that in other times Maurice would not have died!...

abyss of reflections and tears this, in which I daily plunge! What an endless grief to see that one might have retained what one has lost! And what is it that I have lost? God alone knows what Maurice was for me, — my brother, my friend, the one to whom I poured out my mind, my soul, my heart. I do not dwell on what he was, on what he would have been, to that society that let him die, if what they say be true. I know nothing about it, — I am not

acquainted with the world; I looked upon it as a great homicide in the religious sense; it is then morally fatal on whatever side it be regarded, — fatal in that it feeds the noblest intellects with poison, or lets them die with hunger.

At what time ought Maurice to have been born? A question this that I have put to myself as to his happiness, in thinking over different eras. One does not see on what century one could, for their own sake, hang the cradle of certain geniuses. Intellect is like love, ever accompanied with sorrow. It is because it does not belong to here below, and whatever is out of place must suffer. Religious spirits - those that take shelter in God - are the only ones that find any tranquillity in life. Man has only badness or insufficiency to afford to man. I know but little of them, indeed, - I, denizen of the woods; but so many tell me this that I believe it. Neither have I myself ever found happiness in any one, - not complete happiness. The sweetest and fullest, the best, was in Maurice; and yet not free from tears in its enjoyments. Happiness is surrounded by thorns, touch it on what side you may.

15th. — It is Sunday; I am alone in my desert with a man-servant. The thunder growls, and I write. Sublime accompaniment to a solitary

thought! What an ardent and elevating influence! How one would soar, burn, fly, burst forth in these electric moments!

19th. — How often I renounce writing anything here; how often I return here to write! Attraction and desertion; oh, my life!

[No date.] — A week of visits, company, noise, some pleasant conversations, — an episode in my solitude. It is the season when people come to see us. This time there were crowds, every one saying, "Let's go to the country." And the country was invaded, the Cayla peopled, noisy, gay with youth; the table surrounded by unexpected guests, - the improvised does away with ceremony. But we never are ceremonious; and those who come to see us must only expect a cordial reception, - the best possible to us, under the most simple expression of form. Thus all our reception-rooms are white, without mirrors or any trace of luxury: the dining-room with a sideboard and chairs, and two windows looking out on the North Wood; the other room by it with a great wide sofa, in the middle a round table, straw chairs, an old tapestried arm-chair in which Maurice used to sit, - sacred chair! - two glass doors leading to the terrace, that terrace to a green valley where flows a brook; and in the drawingroom a beautiful Madonna with her child Jesus, a gift from the Queen. Such is our dwelling, cheerful enough, where those who come to us enjoy themselves; which I too like, but hung now with black within and without; everywhere I see or seek one dead. The Cayla without Maurice!

[No date.] - Marie, my sister, has left me for some days; Marie, our Martha, - for she occupies herself with many things in the house, leaving me the part of rest, kind sister that she is! I know no woman's nature more devoted and self-forgetting. When I have not got her, my life changes externally, - becomes active; and I wonder at that activity and faculty for household management, with such very contrary tastes. Naturally I am not fond of domestic matters and the government of servants, and willingly leave it to others; but if the responsibility be laid on me, I can undertake it without any repugnance, without having to order myself as it happens that I must, - the I that wills that I that wills not, - so many and many a time.

But could I not write something better than these nothings at all; than about this poor self? What an insignificant pastime, and how little might make me leave it off! But Maurice liked it, wished it. What I did for him I will

continue in him, in the idea that he takes an interest in it.

Relations of this world to the other by writing and prayer, — the two elevations of the soul.

[No date.7 - My dream of last night was a funeral. I was following an open coffin. It is impossible to picture that open coffin, the painful and appalling impression that within it made on the soul. We do well to veil the dead. However beloved their faces, there is a frightful anguish in seeing them. And this is what we are without a soul; for it is that which terrifies, the inanimation of corpses. What a word, what a transformation! Young man so beautiful this morning, and that this evening! How disenchanting; how adapted to disgust us with the world! I can comprehend that grandee of Spain who, after having lifted the pall of a beautiful queen, threw himself into a cloister, and became a great saint. Would to God that the sight of death took the same effect on some men of the world! I would have all my friends at La Trappe, with regard to their eternal happiness. Not but what people may save their souls in the world, or that there are not duties to be filled in society as high and holy as in solitude, but 1 . . .

25th. — What shall I do with my solitude and myself to-day? Like Robinson Crusoe in his

¹ Sentence left unfinished.

island, I find myself alone with a dog and a shepherd, a sort of Friday, almost as savage as the other. With whom can I speak, think, live the life of a day? The dog does understand caresses; but the man, who understands nothing, - who, if I ask him for a glass of water, will not know what I mean if I speak French to him, this attendant upon sheep, - him I dismiss to his animals! Now, then, doors closed, bolts drawn for fear of vagabonds, here I am in the white drawing-room, with the white Madonna, my heavenly companion, sweet and beautiful to contemplate. I look at her as though she were a person, - ready, I do believe, to throw myself at her feet if any danger came. The mere human aspect seems to me a protection, so much the more, certain that it is the image of her who calls herself the helper of Christians, Auxilium Christianorum, the Holy Virgin to whom I have, on more than one occasion, believed myself indebted for special mercies, - once when in danger of death; the other instances, without being personal, touch me nearly as closely.

A knock at the door; what may it be?

Beggarwomen. Alms bestowed, I return to my sofa. Sweet repose, if it were not a little, or rather very, sad, — what with isolation and memory. I am surrounded by mementos. I see them with my eyes, I feel them

with my heart. What shades in this old castle, issuing out of every room! From all sides the dead press on me; if I could but embrace one of them! Oh, souls will not let themselves be grasped! My friend, my always brother Maurice, and yet how changed for me! I no longer pronounce thy name but as I do that of holy relics. When I enter thy room, I feel as though it were a church. I hardly dare to touch thy books, thy clothes; something sacred is shed over thee and all that belonged to thee. It is, doubtless, because of immortality that veneration follows thus upon death; because of that life, changed, not destroyed, which takes man unto God, and inspires a worship of religious love.

Never did our out-of-doors seem so vast to me as it does now. I have just come in from a walk filled with solitude; only a few birds in the air, a few hens on the grass.

"How wide my desert is, and how immense my sky!

Untired the eagle's wing would hardly sweep it round;
A thousand cities, more, might stand within its bound;
Yet my heart finds it small, and far beyond will fly!
Whither, oh, whither flies it?—Point the place, the road.
It follows on the shining track made by the star;
It plunges into space where thought flies free and far—

It goes where angels dwell, it rises up to God!"

But to-day is the festival of Saint Louis; I must read his Life. It is that, too, of my Rayssac friend, who rather neglects me, but to whom I do not omit to offer my heart's nosegay,—the only one that can be sent to a distance, whose flowers are everlastings.

A letter from Saint Martin, from the neighbourhood of the Coques. I am not so alone as I felt, and my thought has followed many different directions, like a bird as it is; yet, nevertheless, still resting on the same branch, — God and Maurice. It returns thither when it has made the circuit of everything else. There is nowhere anything capable of thoroughly pleasing me; I am disenchanted at the second glance. This brings tears sometimes; but one look above checks, consoles them. I know what I owe to these celestial aspirations; I know what I see in this supernatural light; and then my soul grows calm.

[No date.] — Picciola, — a flower that was the life, the happiness, the sorrow, the paradise, the angel, the perfume, the light of a poor prisoner. Thus is it with a memory in my heart, life's prisoner. Maurice for me is an influence producing powerful effects, which vary in their nature, — anguish and joys. The joys are divine, both those that he bestowed on me, and those

in which I believe, thinking of the other life,—those that I see in my heart, as Saint Louis said of a mystery. The eternal felicity of Maurice's soul transports me; it makes me forget his death; all my affection is nourished by this hope. My God, leave it to me! I have nothing better; I have nothing else. The friend that one has lost in this world one seeks in the next: one seeks him in happiness; and I will believe in that of Maurice, rare and elect soul that he was. My confidence is based on pious facts, and finally on those words,—"He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood has eternal life." This was his last food. Wherefore, then, any fears? Do not let us faint in presence of the divine promises.

Oh, my poor Marie! I have only this cry to utter respecting the news just arrived from the Nivernais. Dying and living, inexpressible sufferer! Nothing can be more sad.

"... My life is a kind of stormy twilight, of which the end always seems to me very near. I am in such agony that for the last three weeks I have been here I have not been able to write you a single word. I suffered greatly from this silence when I had so much to tell you. Oh, why cannot you come? You alone could make me resigned to live. ..."

I will set out there if I am able; I will go

and share the weight of the life she cannot bear alone. May God help us; for I too feel very weak beneath such a mountain of affliction.

20th. - To-day I am full of deep regrets for the loss of a peasant, - old Rose Durel, who is just dead; a truly holy Christian woman in all evangelical simplicity. Hers was a life of faith; her faith was that humble belief, without books, without anything, - that ancient, primitive belief that the author of the 'Imitation' thus praises: "A humble peasant who serves God is certainly far superior to the proud philosopher who contemplates the course of the stars and neglects himself." In fact, one found in Rose a singular superiority of virtue and feeling, - something higher than the highest education; and when one considered the scope of such a soul, and the little external impulse it had received, could one help saying that God alone raised it thus? So it was that Maurice judged of it, - he, the appreciator of excellence, the discerner of spirits, the lover of the beautiful; he loved Rose, revered her as a patriarchal woman. Never did he come into the country and leave it without going to see her, without seating himself at her table; for here people do not visit without eating, without tasting bread and wine. But on such occasions Rose was more particular as to her attendance, and enhanced by some choice thing her customary hospitality. There was always some beautiful fruit or other reserved for M. Maurice, some dish that he liked. In this there was a touching expression of love, an expression very delicate yet very simple, which affects me still more as displayed in the preservation of a swallow's nest that Maurice as a child recommended to her care when he first left the country. "Let me find that nest when I return;" and he did find it, and there it still is to be found, religiously preserved on the old ceiling of Rose's old room. Oh, monument!

CONVERSE WITH A SOUL.

Death only separates bodies; it cannot disunite souls. This is what I said once before beside a coffin. It is what I say still, for my sorrow has not changed any more than my hopes, those immortal hopes which alone sustain my heart and unite me to his, — bond of union between heaven and earth, between him and me. My friend, my dear Maurice! by this we are still together, and my life reverts to thy life as of yore, or nearly so.¹

. . . At what hour were they born? by day

¹ Four pages removed.

or night; in calm or tempest? What destiny laid hold of them, — I mean (for I attribute nothing to destiny, that pagan divinity) what was the course of their life, which God traces out for us and we fulfil? Is their misfortune their fault? What have they done with their intellect, what their employment in the moral order, what their rank in truth? Can we reckon upon them for heaven, the home of righteous souls? My God, do not call them yet; do not call them till they are all in the right way! How this day of the departed makes one dread to see die!

¹ At the bottom of this page one reads these lines, added later, and bearing this date: "All Souls, 1842. Alas! everything dies! where is he for whom I wrote the preceding lines the preceding year? — where is he?"

٧.

All Saints, 1840.

TWO years ago, on this same day, at this same hour, in the Indian drawing-room in Paris, the brother I so much loved was conversing confidentially with me about his life, his future, his marriage, - which was just going to take place, - about so many things springing from his heart, which he turned over to mine. What a recollection, my God! and how it links itself with the sad and religious solemnity of this day, this festival of All Saints, the memorial of the dead and of vanished friends! It is because of this, and of I know not what beside, that I write, - that I resume this neglected Journal, this memorandum that he loved, that he had told me to keep, that I will still keep for Maurice in heaven. If there be, as I believe, relations between this world and the next, if the place of spirits has affinities with this, it follows that our life still connects itself with those with whom we once lived; that they share in our existence after a divine manner, by love; and that they

take an interest in what we do. It seems to me that Maurice sees me act, and that gives me strength to do without him what I used to do with him.

A day of prayer, of elevation amidst the saints on high, — those blessed redeemed ones; meditated on their life. How I love to see that they were such as we are, and that therefore we may be such as they!

All Souls. — How different this day is from all others, in church, in the soul, without, within! It is impossible to tell all one feels, thinks, sees again, regrets. There is no adequate expression for all this except in prayer, and in some confidential correspondence. I have not written here, but to some one to whom I have promised so long as I live a letter on All Souls. Alas!

The 6th (November). — This being Friday, and post-day, I expected, I know not what, but I was expecting something; and actually there has come to me a journal from Brittany, — a touching message from a friend of Maurice. It is not that one's heart can be rejoiced by anything in the world; but what alludes to its grief revives it, and it likes that. M. de la Morvonnais, in speaking to me of Maurice, and sending me what he has written about him, touches me like one who lays offerings upon a coffin.

9th. — Wrote to Louise, that friend of youth, gay, laughing, and happy formerly, who says to me now, "Console me." No one, then, may dispense with tears. My God, do thou console all these afflicted ones, all these sad hearts which reach mine and come to repose there! "Write to me," they say; "your letters do me good." Oh, what good? I can find none for myself.

10th. — What have I done to-day? A good

deal, if I found any interest in telling it.

11th. - The moon is rising there on the horizon, where I have so often watched it; the wind blows at my window, as I have so often heard it; I see my little room, my table, my books, my papers, the tapestry, and the holy images, - all that I have seen so often, and that I shall soon see no more. I am setting out. Oh, how I regret all that I leave behind me here; especially my father, my sister, and my brother! Who knows when I shall see them again? Who knows whether I shall ever see them again? One runs so many risks in travelling! This Paris road is so sad to me! It seems as though there must be misfortune at the end of it. What will it be now? I know not; and nothing can equal what we have already had. This dear Maurice! everything brings me to him, and even this journey is connected with him. Mysterious and holy mission, that I accomplish with grief and love in memory of him.

15th. — At this very hour we were setting out to the church of L'Abbaye-aux-Bois, to have their marriage blessed. Two years have passed since then, since that day always in my heart. My God! yes, God alone knows what this remembrance arouses in me; in proportion as I had expected joy from that event, I reap sorrow, and even more. Everything has changed into mourning since then. It is thus that I set out, that I resume, on this memorable day, this Paris road. My tranquil desert, my sweet Cayla, adieu! I inexpressibly regret all that I leave here, and my life that I tear hence, and that can no longer take root anywhere else. But a soul is waiting for me, a soul that God has given me, - a treasure to preserve for Him! Let us go, then: God wills it! Let us set out with this saying, as did the Crusaders for the Holy Land. The sky is bright, the crows are croaking, good and bad auguries, if crows go for anything. I do not believe this; and yet, when one is going away from a place, one looks at everything with popular sensations.

For the last time fed my bird and looked to my rose-bush.—the little travelled rose-bush from the Nivernais that stands on my window. I have recommended both it and my goldfinch to my sister,—to my good Marie, who will take care of the pot and the cage, and of all my loved leavings. To my father I confide a box of papers,—private matters which cannot be better than in a father's keeping. There are others that go with me as inseparable relics,—dear writings of Maurice, and for him. This little book, too,—I take it; but for whom?

19th. — Adieu, Toulouse, which I merely passed through and saw the Museum, the Gallery of Antiques, and so many things associated with Maurice! It was at Toulouse that he began his studies, at the little seminary. All the young children I saw dressed in black seemed to me to be him.

18th. — At Souillac, in the rain, the melancholy rain. A journey without sunshine is a long sadness, — is life as it often passes.

21st. — Châteauroux, where I am alone in a dark room, walled round within two feet of the window, as in the Spielberg; like Pellico, I am writing at a deal table, — that is, if I am writing. What can one write to the noise of an alien wind, and under a weight of depression? On arriving here, on losing sight of those familiar faces of the diligence. I flung myself into my room and on my bed in a state of desperate dejection. The expression is a strong one,

perhaps; but it was something, in short, which flew to the head and oppressed the heart. To find one's self alone in a hotel, in a crowd, is so novel, so strangely sad, that I cannot make up my mind to it. Oh, if it were for long! But to-morrow I am setting out; to-morrow I shall be with my friend, —a delight of which I have not even the wish to speak. Formerly I should have expressed it all; that formerly is dead.

Sleep, and a short time in the church, have calmed me. I have written to the Cayla, my dear, sweet home, where they are thinking of the traveller as I think of them.

22nd. — Passed through Issoudun and the Landes de Berry, where I thought of George Sand, who lives there, not far from our road. This woman often crosses my life now, like everything that is in any manner connected with Maurice. This evening at Bourges, where I have written to my family at the table-d'hôte. I should much have liked to have seen the cathedral again, and to have glanced at the prison of Charles V.; but we arrived too late, and I should have had to go out alone.

4th December. — At Nevers. My dear patient is sleeping, her face turned to the wall. When I no longer see her, what is there to see, to look at, in this room? My eyes only turn

to heaven and her bed. Under those curtains is all that I can love here.

Perhaps I am getting debilitated by this bedside, in this room, this warm atmosphere of tears; to counteract this, I am going to throw myself into my writing, my religious reading, which fortifies. A Sister of Charity, it will never do to fall sick.

5th. — Ever weaker; a complete atony; useless to attempt to divert her. Oh, when the soul too is affected! . . .

No company to-day, and I have been able to read. Began Hoffman's 'Fantastic Tales,' which amuse me. They are full of racy raillery, — satirical observations on men and things.

7th. — I have received a sealed packet from — . Sad and precious relic, deposited in my heart with tears. This was a day of deposits. I, on my side, and without any idea of imitation (since I was not expecting what happened), gave into the hands of a holy priest certain papers of my own. I wanted a doubt decided for me. Oh, my poor thoughts, that I dare no longer judge! May God judge them!

My poor friend! She has talked of receiving the Sacrament, and other things connected with death. The little cross that I passed

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round her neck has pleased her; I have often seen her kiss it. Alas! another departing one glued his lips to it!

noth. — A tolerably calm day; conversation; almost cheerfulness and animation. It is a good sign when the soul reappears.

11th.—I am set at ease; the priest to whom I had given certain writings,—or rather my thoughts, my heart,—to judge, has returned them to me, not condemned, but approved, enjoyed, understood better than I had understood them myself. Do we need that another should reveal us to ourselves? Yes, when one's mind is ignorant and one's heart timid.

At St. Martin. — Shall I read or write; or what shall I do now in my room, so well arranged for all my favourite pursuits? A good fire, books, a table with ink, pens, and paper, appliances and inducements! Let us write; but what? Why, this little Journal, which will contain my thoughts and my life, — this life out of its ordinary course at present, as if our brook should find itself transported to the banks of the Loire, that Loire, that country that I ought naturally never to have seen, so far away from it was I born. But God has led me here. I cannot help seeing Providence clear as noonday in certain events of my life; not that it is not in all of them, but more or less manifest.

With somewhat more taste for writing, I might have left here a long memorandum of my stay at St. Martin, with its beautiful, grandiose park and water. I have seen few places so striking, so remarkable by nature and art. One sees that Lenôtre has had to do with it. I am leaving with the most sweet and agreeable recollections - both of within and without - this charming family into which I am adopted, where I have received the most touching evidences of affection, - true affection, because disinterested. What do they gain by loving me? Nothing but to be loved in their turn and blessed by me before God. Oh, how sweet all this would be to me if I did not think of Maurice, to whom I owe this happiness that I enjoy after his death! I asked to see his room; I do not take a step, to the chapel, in the garden, the saloon, — that he has not taken too. Alas I we do nothing but tread in the footsteps of the dead!

Last Day of December. — My God! how time has a something sad about it, whether it comes or goes! and how right the saint is who says, "Let us anchor our hearts in eternity!"

END OF THE JOURNAL.



FRAGMENTS.

Ĭ.

MEMORIAL.1

ON the last evening of the year 1833 my mind was filled with a great thought, with a great reason for being glad, which had come to me out of heaven, - yes, out of heaven, for I had ardently asked God to grant it to me. I have now passed nearly the whole of the day in writing, in pouring out my heart upon paper and into other hearts. My last letter is to Maurice. I shall now lie down to sleep thinking of him, blessing God on his account, thanking God for having preserved to me all those whom I love, and for enabling me to say I am content with this year. Content I am, because God has vouchsafed to me great benefits, because I love Him more, and my conscience is tranquil . . . with a loving tranquillity. Oh, I

¹ This was written on a loose sheet of paper.

will give all my heart to loving, all my soul, all my strength, for as long as strength remains!

An angel's heart, an angel's voice, oh, were they but my own,

I would love and sing as if I were at home in lands divine!

Oh, were I with blest spirits in the sunshine of the throne, To feed upon celestial fire, and drink in love like wine!

Π^1

get on with my 'Enfantines.' I have not got very far, my friend; difficulties slacken my pace, although I am still conscious of the necessary impulse for the work, which seems to me a good one. For children, indeed, there is really no

All which now follows is extracted from a copy-book edited by Mademoiselle de Guérin shortly before 1841, which she had brought from Cayla at the time of her last journey to Paris, with a vague intention, perhaps, of inserting it in the collection of the posthumous works of Maurice, or perhaps of leaving it to be printed separately, but always in memory of him, and in his honour. Except the first and last pages, which appear to be derived from letters written by the sister to the brother during the sojourn of the latter in Brittany, the copy-book in ques-

poetry extant,—that sort of poetry which is pure, and fresh, joyous, delicate, heavenly, like childhood itself. The poetry which is put into their hands is almost always above their comprehension, and is even not without danger. Take, for example, the Fables of La Fontaine: there are several which I would exclude from a selection for early childhood—to which so much reverence is due. Children are angels upon earth: we should speak to them only in their own language; create for them only what is pure; paint for them, as it were, upon the very azure of the sky. Pictures there are,—in religion, in history, in nature,—but who will be the Raphael?

Meanwhile, here is a little sample, a specimen of my 'Enfantines.' As a little girl, I figured to myself an angel of children's games; I called him the angel Joujou, and you see I have put that pleasant little fancy into rhyme:—

tion was only a reproduction — often literal, though in some places a little revised — of the second copy-book, which we have thought it better to put in its proper natural order in the Journal, and in its original shape. In these Fragments we have only cared to exhibit passages which are not to be found elsewhere; and under the dates of the 27th of May and the 21st of August, 1835, two altered readings, which appear to us to possess a genuine literary interest.

Joujou, THE ANGEL OF THE PLAYTHINGS.

Spirits there are of might, Who guide the starry forms, Who speed the flying storms, Fire the volcanoes bright, And rule the wave, the air, Hollow the ocean bed, Whirl the globe, and have the dead Gloomy deserts in their care; Who scatter the gold of the rivers and mines, Who plant the rose and the lily clear! And oh, in their uncounted lines, An angel of sport, and joy, and cheer, An angel of the children, shines! God made that angel dear. Fair among starry things Are his vermilion wings. The sweet pet-wonder of the skies! The darling jewel of paradise! They call him Joujou as he flies.

A guardian angel has every child,
To point to heaven the way;
That guardian's brother is Joujou mild,
The angel of sport and play.
He made the first doll, he makes the toys,
Whatever they are, for girls and boys;
In the morning early you hear his voice!

Sweetly he laughed when he first descended To Eden, to Eve in the myrtle shade, And there with the little Abel played. And I think his work will not soon be ended:

For he makes rosebuds red and small; He makes glittering necklaces; He makes humming-birds, that fall Into the bells of flowers, like bees; He will make you, if you call, Any wonder that you please!

With his magic breath he smiling blows
On the water that makes the baby clean;
And, dome after dome, a palace grows
Of diamond-bubbles, fit for a queen.
He makes sweet honey and balsams soft;
He teaches the little winds how to play;
He winds the woodbines wherever they stray;
He paints the rainbow up aloft!

Then, from warm seas issuing forth, You may trace him to the north; With the swans is his delight; Then he shakes his fingers white, Shakes the snow-flakes from his hand, While the children wondering stand To see them cover all the land! He it is who makes for us Every pretty woodland sound; Hark! it is his voice that thus Speeds the song, around, around us, Through the valley, and musically Echoes it from the hills that bound us!

Oh, he loves us without measure! God has made him for our pleasure, Gracious angel, angel blest! Watching by the little nest, You may see him, — that is he; Down from heaven he brings the vest For the robin's little breast, And two pearls his eyes to be.

He is with us, one and all, Holiday and festival. He has a cup, a golden cup, Full of pleasure, pleasure; Without bitter, without measure; We could never drink it up. Thanks to him, too, it is said That the very tears we shed Turn to honey, drop by drop!

And this angel will be found
By good children, passed away,
When they tread the heavenly ground,
With the Innocents at play,
With their martyr palm-boughs playing,
And their crowns,—their voices rise,—
"For our playground," they are saying,
"God has given us all the skies!"

What a country is Brittany; a land of faith and of genius! How it delights me to get letters of yours dated from there! How happy it makes me to think of you, my Maurice, breathing the strong, inspiring air which nourished Du Guesclin, Châteaubriand, Lamennais! Surely the soul must grow, must expand in such an atmosphere; and what will not thine become,

- so beautiful a soul by nature! What fine intelligence will it not breathe in from the fine intelligences which surround it! I see thee flooded with torrents of illuminating faith in thy solitude at La Chênaie! I think of thee as representing a monk at Clairvaux in the time of Saint Bernard. M. de Lamennais seems to me a little less tender than Saint Bernard; but M. Gerbet has the gentleness of an angel. I shall be happy in thinking of thee as under his guidance entirely, - guidance all love, all humility! Remember well, my brother, the sacred words that fall from him at your sacred times together, and keep them as treasures for your sisters, the hermitesses of Cayla. I am, indeed, very pleased with the decision he has made. Thank him for it, from me, and say how happy I should be to have him for my counsellor, the guide of my conscience, - but that can only be a thing afar off, if ever it be at all. Oh, if I were your brother instead of your sister, you would soon see me where you are, - that is, supposing the talent were mine, as well as the vocation. The vocation would certainly be mine; I should not doubt that. For a long while I have been saying with Saint Bernard, O beata solitudo, o sola beatitudo! But thou knowest what holds me back: my father, and

thyself; for thou, my beloved, hast bidden me stay yet in the world for thy sake. Thou, indeed, ah! thou hast chosen thy part; thou hast taken Heaven, and thou leavest Earth to me. Oh, my brother, my dearly beloved, if, incredibly, thou should'st pass forth from this valley of weeping before me, what would become of me? But let us change the theme.

What gratitude I feel towards your friend Du Val, and his loving wife, Sara of the new alliance, who entertains the pilgrims so kindly! Under their hospitable tent you passed some happy days; and what shall I say to your last hostess, what shall I send them? They like poetry, — I will send them some. You see, too, Madame du Val has written to me, asking what it is that I love:—

When I was young, I loved, I loved the flower, the bird, the gem;

And when the bright light ringlets hung waving from my brow,

I loved to see myself, and I loved to look at them, In the mirror of the stream down below.

Like a fawn I loved to wander, wander, wander, where I could, —

From the meadow to the forest, from the hill down to the vale;

To take back to its mother, from the tangled underwood, The little lamb that lay there making wail. I loved the little glowworms,—they seemed to be for me,—

They seemed sparks for me to gather as they lay upon the grass;

I loved to see the stars, like shallops on the sea,

In the heavens high above me slowly pass.

Oh, how I loved the rainbow, the beautiful, the bright, Stretching from the Pole to the high Pyrenees! And fairy tales, and giant tales, oh, they were my delight! And the prattle of young children, prattling just as children please.

In every sound and word and song of innocence, was joy;
In every bird, in every cloud, in every odorous wind;
What was there that I did not love? for Nature was my
toy.

I thought that God had spread the skies to please my baby mind!

Oh, I was happy as the bird!

My joy was artless as his song!

And where I was my voice was heard;

I sang my gladness all day long.

Sing love! sing hopefulness! sing praise
To all that lives,—to all things fair!
My mother said, an angel-face
Leaned o'er my cradle, smiling there.

And when I saw my mother smile,
I knew she was that angel sweet,
And gathered — oh, the happy while! —
My joy, my music, at her feet.

But joy and music passed with her Into a coffin, — passed away; And nothing then my heart could stir But prayer and weeping all the day.

Oh, prayer it is a healing thing,

A balm distilled from flowers of heaven!
Our souls like lamps in darkness swing,
Nor burn unless that oil is given.

'T is prayer the soul must feed, must move, Must lift her up with her delight, When fixed on God she burns with love, In flames of longing sweet and bright,

Saying, "Oh for an angel's wing To fly up to thy feet, my God! Oh, were I some celestial thing, — A sun! a scraph, lightning-shod!

"Some glorious creature of Thy hand,
Lifted above this darkling globe,—
This gloomy, icy, drooping land,
For which the pale clouds weave a robe!

"To breathe the happy mountain clime,
An eagle native to the height,
And find my aërie sublime,
God in the centre of Thy light!"

Ah, me! and then down sinks my heart!
I languish for the soothing word!
I hide my head, I mourn apart,
I love to weep before my Lord.

"O Father," then I love to say,
"Give us a heart of childlike fear!
Let Thy earth, like Thy heaven, obey!
Oh, keep from sin Thy children dear!

"From snares that evil spirits lay, Save us! and when we pausing stand, Our poor souls trembling in the way, Stretch out to us Thy helping hand!

"Oh, grant to him well-lengthened days
Who makes Thy law his very breath!
Grant to his children light and grace!
Grant to the unbelieving, faith!

"Nor to the houseless poor's meek quest Be shelter or be food denied! Let him who gives be doubly blest, — Blest here below, and at thy side!

"Oh, full be all his water-springs,
His wine-press over-brimmed with wine,
And corn and flax, and precious things
In season, make his valleys shine!"

Thus, friends, I bless you (God will hear;
His listening ear is downward bent),—
You who received the traveller,
As Sara did, beneath the tent,

And bathed his feet, and spread sweet cheer.

Oh, when I think how good you are,
I bless you for my brother dear!

I weep, and bless you from afar.

27th May, 1835.1—... In a terrible strife like this, it is God alone who can give us strength of will; and little and weak as we may be, we may tread the giant under our feet, if we have His aid. But, oh, we must seek it earnestly in prayer, as Jesus Christ taught us to do. We must say Our Father!—that child-like appeal touches the very heart of God, and always brings down some blessing. My friend, I would have thee instant in prayer. What, indeed, is prayer, but love,—love with a want, and which asks of God, the Source of all good?

But you understand these things better than I. How you must have been moved by the divine things M. de Lamennais has said upon this subject! But, unhappily, he says other things now which are not unto edification. That independence of mind of his makes me tremble, and I do not at all see how the spirit of revolt and the spirit of Christianity can ever form an alliance. Were there revolts against authority among the first Christians, who suffered oppressions severer than any which Christians have to endure nowadays? The Theban Legion, the Thundering Legion, — did they draw the sword? Had they not the right to do it, if Poland has now the right? The martyrs do not seem, then,

¹ Sec p. 88.

to have read God and Liberty as M. de Lamennais reads those words! For the martyrs never raised a hand against the enemies of God and liberty. I have been accustomed to think that the spirit of Christianity consists in submission to God, and to rulers, of whatever kind, and however they treat us; that the only weapon to be opposed to their tyranny is prayer, and then, if necessary, to suffer death, unresisting, and forgiving the slayer, as Jesus Christ himself forgave.

21st August.—Another ornament for my room: an engraving. - 'Sainte Thérèse de Gérard,' - which our friend, the Baroness de Rivières, has given me, along with your verses to accompany it. I have been impatient to have these beautiful things, - the beautiful Sainte Marie being on the table at which I read and write, at which I kneel for my prayers; it will help me, by the thought which it inspires, to pray better, to write better, to love God better. I will lift up my heart and my eyes to the picture, and say, "Look down upon me from heaven, blessed Saint Theresa, as I kneel before your image, looking upon the lover of Jesus, and fondly desiring that I may be like her! I pray you, let the sacred semblance be mine; let me be like you in something! Transfer to me your VOL. II. - 14

heavenward eyes to seek God, your heart to love Him, your lips to pray to Him. Give me your fortitude in adversity, your sweetness in suffering, your constancy in the midst of temptation. Let my soul aspire only to heavenly joys; let me live only in the love divine; let all my affections be rooted in this love; let it consecrate them in me, and let it fill with its sweetness the brother whom I love as you loved yours."

Saint Theresa prayed, unanswered and without enjoyment, for twenty years; yet she did not for a day cease praying. That is, of all her triumphs, the one that most overcomes me. I cannot approach her constancy; but I love to recall that, when my mother died, I used to go like Saint Theresa, throw myself at the feet of the Virgin, and call her to take me for her daughter. It was in the Rosary Chapel, in St. Peter's Church, Gaillac, and I was twelve years old at the time.¹

¹ See p. 99.

III.1

My LIBRARY.

Les Méditations poétiques de Lamartine.

Les Harmonies.

Élégies de Millevoye.

Ossian.

L'Imagination, par Delille.

L'Énéide, traduction de Delille.

Les Géorgiques.

Racine.

Corneille.

Théâtre de Shakspeare.

Le Mérite des Femmes, poëme par Legouvé.

L'Espérance, par Saint-Victor.

Œuvres du Comte Xavier de Maistre.

Le Ministre de Wakefield, par Goldsmith.

Le Voyage sentimental de Sterne; [lost].

Les Puritains, de Walter Scott.

Red Gauntlet, du même.

Poésies de Chénier (André).

Morceaux choisies de Buffon; [lent].

Lettres Péruviennes de Mme. de Graffigny;

[a book one does not read twice].

Les Fiancés de Milan, par Manzoni. De l'Allemagne, par Mme. de Staël.

¹ Taken from a copy-book of Extracts.

Books of Devotion.

L'Imitation de Jésus-Christ.

L'Introduction à la Vie dévote, de Saint François de Sales.

Le Combat spirituel.

Les Méditations de Bossuet.

Méditations de Médaille.

Lettres spirituelles de Bossuet.

Heures de Fénélon.

Journée du Chrétien.

Les Sages Entretiens.

L'Ame élevée à Dieu.

L'Ame embrasée de l'Amour divin.

Le Mois de Marie.

La Vie des Saints.

Entretiens d'un Missionnaire et d'un Berger.

Le Dogme Générateur de la Piété chrétienne, par M. Gerbet.

Le Froment des Élus.

Élévations sur les Mystères de Bossuet.

Le Guide du jeune Age, de M. Lamennais; [a book which I often read over again].

Might it not be better never to attach one's self, than to have the grief of losing what one loves? It is the death of my turtle-dove which

has given me this thought. And yet I shall not be deterred from choosing another favourite by the fear of losing it; for the heart, as Fénélon says, will rather suffer ever than be torpid.¹

I have given up writing poetry, because I have recognised that God does not ask it of me; but the sacrifice has been all the more painful that, though I have forsaken poetry, poetry has not forsaken me. I never had so many inspirations as now, when I must stifle them. I know what I should sing, if I were now to allow myself to sing, and I could strike the exact key. But if I were to yield myself to the transports of joy which would accompany the music, they would kill me. Let me tread out, then, a fire which would consume me for no good end. My life is God's and my neighbour's; and one word of the Catechism taught to a child touches the salvation of my soul more nearly than whole volumes of poetry.

—— All this is true, but there are, above, some little poetic untruths.²

¹ In the copy-book of Extracts we find, after the above passage, the following: "Feeling, when the heart is shut against it, will still come as close up as possible, just as, when it is expelled, it will, in departing, go the longest way round. Who is it that has said that?"

² The ink shows that this note was added at a later date.

IV.8

[1840. Carla.] - "The gods have made only two perfect things, - a woman and a rose." A flattering little mot of a philosopher, which philosophers do not quote much, but which has been remembered for all that, and which I have gathered from a newspaper, where it lay blooming among stones, in the arid desert of politics. Indeed, notwithstanding the mighty interest which is mingled with state questions, I do not love them, because the manner in which they are treated makes me think meanly of human beings, - a painful state of mind for me; besides, I cannot see my way through these icy mazes, and not a fibre of my soul is stirred by anything like diplomacy or speculation. When the newspapers come in, my father turns to the debates, and I to the feuilleton, where, indeed, I read 'La Rose,' and that pretty speech of Solon's about that flower and us women. It was a little breath of Oriental perfume which charmed me, - a whiff of sweet odour in a desert. Was it a compliment to some fair Greek girl? or is it, perchance, true? Is there, indeed, anything to compare to a rose? is there anything to compare to a woman? When the

⁸ Scattered pages, belonging to the years 1840 and 1841.

two flowers were set down in Paradise together, the very angels might have asked God himself to decide which was the loveliest. . . . Ah me! the rose remained the same; the woman fell, and her beauty fell too. Sin degrades all human nature. Otherwise, we should be born altogether lovely; we should be the sisters of the rose; and Solon's compliment would be universally true.

[1841, 2nd January. Nevers.] 1 — My God, my God! how she suffered last night! how she suffers again to-day!

A letter from —. Alas, more suffering! The faith of Christianity does not explain all, but it heals all wounds.

Whatever strength of mind we may be able to exert in disregarding calumny, it is natural to be a little on guard against a person whom we have too often to defend against it.

[Paris?] — Illusions of esteem, of love, of trust, — what pain, my God, to be so deceived! how much it costs us to learn a little of men! How often would I gladly not know! how gladly shut my eyes to that treacherous side of human nature which is shown to me at every turn! Not one touch of beauty amidst its deformity, not one touch of virtue in its bad-

¹ Notes made at the time when Mademoiselle de Guérin gave up writing a continuous diary.

ness; there is no self-devotion, no affection, no nobility of spirit, that has not its dead weight of contrast; even in the very ranks of saintliness the world allows no form on which the eye can rest with perfect admiration. Oh, they have just been discrowning a brow most venerable in my eyes, - a man of splendid charity and intelligence; a friend of my soul, like Saint Jérôme de Paula; a man whom I have often blessed God for having met! Blind veneration was it? too easy trust? Which shall I believe? - the world or my own heart? I will still believe myself; that trust will cost me less suffering, even though I run the risk of some folly. I cannot bear to have to withdraw my confidence, to find vile what I thought worthy, to find the choice gold turn to lead.

Yet this thing has befallen me more than once already, and I must learn this from it, — to esteem and love perfectly only the Perfect One, — that is, God.

Ah, how little he who is the occasion of these sad thoughts dreams of them, living in the catacombs, where he is almost always hiding himself!

. . . That is the resemblance; 1 and the dif-

¹ We have not been so fortunate as to find the commencement of this affecting dialogue between the soul of the sister and the soul of the brother.

ference is, that thou art in another place. I will tell you what I am doing here; it is only to you that I could tell it. My soul slips easily into thee, O soul of my brother!

Do you understand? I think, after all, heaven is not so far from this place. Sometimes I spread out my arm towards it; I stretch my hand to grasp thine. A thousand times I have longed to press it, —a cold, invisible hand! What then? still I longed to press it. But, oh, to stretch out mine to grasp a dead hand! Nothing of thy form remains; of all that was thyself to my eyes, there is nothing left but the intelligence, — the spirit, upraised, upflown, uplifted from its garment, like Elijah from his. O Maurice! in heaven thou art; an angel thou must be to me! Thou shalt be my guardian spirit, O brother with God!

Alas! I stand in need of sympathy from within the veil, — in need of some answering voice from that other life; for in this none answer. Since thy voice ceased, all utterance of the soul is at an end for ever. 'T is silence and solitude, as in a desert island; and, oh, how painful that is, how sad! Dearly did I love thy converse; sweet it was to hear thee, precious to listen to the profound or lofty word, or, again, to that delicate, exquisite accent of

the soul, which I never heard from any but thee! When I was but a child, I loved to listen to thee; it was sweet to follow when thou hadst once begun. Roaming the woods, we prattled of the birds and their nests, the flowers, the acorns. We used to feel that everything was lovely, everything was mysterious; and we asked each other questions, as we wondered at what we saw. I remember I discovered that you were a good deal more learned than I was; especially when, a little later on, you quoted Virgil to me, - quoted those Eclogues of his, which I was so fond of, and which seemed as if they might have been written for the very objects that lay beneath our eyes. How often, looking at the bees, and hearing them hum among the myrtletrees, have I repeated, -

> "These luckless folk had Aristæus known By famine or by pestilence cut down.

Music lit is the first time I have heard music—have heard a piano—for more than a year I It has moved me unspeakably, filling me with emotions and remembrances of the past, and unsealing the fountain of tears. How fond you were of music! I heard you play for the last

time at Cayla, when the 'Son of the Virgin' was sung by Caroline, — your lovely Eve, just issued out of the Orient to take her place in a

paradise that lasted a few days!

[Paris.] - On this 19th of July - mournful anniversary! - I come in from church . . . what shall I do? what can I do? I know not, and I look at these papers. Oh, my God, what tears are these that I shed! The more I turn to that which links itself with him, the more I feel that he is not here. These written pages have the shadow of his tomb upon them - there is no light in them - they are all dark and dead now. My thought was only a radiation from his, - a living, vivid thought when he was near; then came twilight; and now the light is gone. I seem to stand at the horizon of death, and he is below it. Do what I will, I only sink deeper into the shadow; nothing wakes in me desire or delight. I see others finding a magical charm in this Paris; I find none. As for making visits, or receiving visits, it almost always wearies me. There are but two people who have a charm for me; lasting and deep it is, but I cannot describe it. She is one, and you are the other. Oh that we could meet today, - that we might pass the day of his death in each other's company! There is something very touching in the thought of us three thus united; there is a funereal charm in it which will, apparently, not be renewed. Where shall we all be next year, on the same day? Scattered, no doubt. It is only for one brief moment, at a mere point of time, that certain lives touch each other.

٧.

[25th August, 1841. Paris.]1—It is your wish that I should write down my impressions, that I should return to the habit of retracing each day with my pen. The wish comes late, my friend, but, nevertheless, it shall be attended to. Here, then, you have what you ask for, this whisper from me to you in the great world, as you used to have it at Cayla, - a friendly woodland pathway, stretching even into Paris. But I shall not be able to write much in my short stay here, - only eight days; and then I go away. This nearness of the end saddens me; I can see nothing else. Like the navigator at the end of the Red Sea, I cannot move from there. What a retrospect is mine for the last six months, - how strange, how varied, how

¹ Copy-book already printed in the 'Reliquiæ,' 1855.

beautiful, how sad, how full of the unknown, how fruitful in thoughts, in spiritual prospects, leaving so much to say and to describe! Yet I have kept no journal. Who was to read it? Why do anything if there is no one to please but one's self? Without that one, my thought is like a glass which is not quicksilvered at the back; it reflects nothing. When Maurice lived, my mind gave back an image of everything; but it was because my thought was joined to his, - his, the brother and the friend of my soul. One hint, one whisper of a wish from him, and the thoughts poured from my pen. How great was his influence over me, and how beautiful! I know not what to compare it to, to some choice wine, which quickens and exalts, without intoxicating.

To-night I find myself once more under the power of impressions such as I thought gone forever from me; but, as I have told you, I can hardly write of anything but of the invalid, — poor young man! he little dreams of the interest with which he inspires me, or the pain he gives me when he coughs so. . . . Ah, sad, precious vision! How is it that there are pangs which we cherish? . . . tell me, Jules, you who explain so many things for me. The great Mr. —, opposite, was pleased with you, —

you were full of life that evening; but, indeed, your talk always abounds, more or less, with quick intelligence, with colour, with animation. It glows, it rises, it takes a thousand bright and unexpected shapes, it sparkles like a rocket in the air. "A brilliant talker!" said the great gentleman, bowing to the Baroness, who seconded him with a smile, adding, "You must not imagine he believes all he says." I suppose that had reference to what you had been saying about Saint Paul, and was intended to shield you from the suspicion of heresy you had incurred by speaking of the apostle in such a secular vein. How glad I should be, myself, to feel that you did not mean it all! . . . Good-night! I am going to sleep! perhaps I shall have one of my pearl grey dreams. And, à propos, what made them laugh when I compared yours to the sound of a trumpet? Is there, then, some curious meaning possible to be placed upon the words, - one of those odd under-currents of significations, the discovery of which so often teases me? Worldly-minded people find double meanings in the simplest things, and then the uninitiated is puzzled. When people begin to laugh, I feel that I am trapped, and for a moment I pause, and wonder what it is all about; but only a moment, for what is the good of spending time over little complications?

Our "charming" friend says she will "have a talk" with me to-morrow; which means, I suppose, that she will be confidential in her communications. When her heart is full, when the fountains of feeling begin to overflow, that is her way of letting you know it. We will have a talk to-morrow. Then we embrace, you know; and then we both go to bed. But I really do not know that the "talk" waits for to-morrow to come. A troubled mind says a good many

things to the pillow.

1st September, or 31st August. - I do not know which, and have not inquired. This uncertainty pleases me, - like all vagueness in matters of time. I love the definite only in matters of faith; the positive only in matters of feeling: neither of them common things in this world. . . . There is nothing in him that I care for. I leave him without having been influenced by him, without having felt any affection for him: and I rather take credit for that. If it had been otherwise, I think I should have been the loser; I think my nature is best remaining as it is, without admixture. All I could gain would be some agreeable qualities, which, perhaps, can only be acquired at the expense of depth. So much dexterity, so much supple rapidity of mind, so much flexible vivacity of

tongue, can hardly be obtained without the character suffering some loss. Superficial graces will grant you nothing unless you sacrifice to them. And yet I like them. I cannot help being attracted by what is elegant, by good taste, by refined and noble manners. I am enchanted when I listen to the weighty talk of intelligent men, just as I am with the graceful "chat" of women; charming word-play it is, - the delicate sentences dropping like pearls from their lips, in a way of which one has previously no idea. It is charming, as the song says, - Que c'est charmant, en vérité, - if you can stop at the surface; but that brings me no content. . . . Ah, that is the question, - how can one be contented, if one looks at things in their moral relations and values? how, in that case, to "get along" in the world, to find happiness in it, to indulge serious expectations from it, to believe in anything? . . . Mesdames de — have come. I should have thought them old friends, to listen to their effusive talk, their expressions of mutual interest, and their way of exchanging that dainty Parisian ma chère. Well, you may think them friends, and friends they are, so long as they are in each other's presence; but only let either go away, and you would say each had left her caricature behind her. Delightful friendships

these! but, happily for me, there are ties of a different kind.

. . . What I do not understand in this woman is that she should be capable of affection for the Mirabeau of a man whom you have described to me. But can she have believed it of him? or, indeed, is it true of him? It is a wicked world, and very fond of making monsters. On the other hand, there are real monsters of men. At any rate, this Irish doctor never sees a sick person in danger without suggesting that the priest should be sent for; and he is himself an exact observer of the rules of the Church. How is that to be reconciled with the character he bears? Again, if he is so reckless, how is it that he appears so timid and so embarrassed before us three, - like M. William? He blushes quite as much, and he drops his eyes even more quickly after looking at one. Is this the Jupiter, the impetuous, the thunderer?1 . . . But perhaps I know nothing about him. Yes, the riddle of the world is dark for me. How many insoluble things! what endless complications!... When I have been puzzled with these matters, when I have been threading my way through

¹ A little while afterwards I was enabled to comprehend more of the little-understood, obscure, and reticent character of this man. [Note in MS.]

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these forests of conversation, without end, without opening, mazes that lead to nowhere, I retire saddened, and call to my aid those divine ideas, without which I see no place where to lay my head.

Now, what were you doing on Sunday at Saint-Roch? Was that, also, to rest yourself? You must know there has been much investigation going on upon the point. Labour lost, of course. Who can make out the incomprehensible? God only understands you. You are a labyrinthine temple; you are a real puzzle-path; and if it were not for the side on which you are associated with Maurice, and from which comes for me light out of darkness, I would drop relations with you. You frighten me! And yet you have a good nature, a fine nature; you are sterling, devoted, faithful unto death; you are of true knightly strain, — and not only on the outside, either.

3rd. — Began to read 'Delphine,' which is, people say, an interesting romance. But romances do not interest me much, and never did they interest me less than now. Is that because I have seen the world, because I know how they are originated; or is it from alienation of mind, and a love of better things? I know not; but I cannot take pleasure in the play of

unregulated passion. These infatuations have something terrible in them, — like the transports of delirium. I have a dread, a terrible dread, of anything like madness; and so the moral conflict which makes the very essence of the novel deters me from it. I feel as if I could have no dealings with these books (not even L'Amour Impossible), except such as I might have with mad people. Of all novelists, I like only Scott. His manner puts him apart from others, and above them. He is a man of genius, and perhaps the most complete, — and always pure. You may open him at random "without the eye being startled by one corrupting word." 1

Love, with Scott, is a cord of snow-white silk, to bind his drama together. It does not seem to be so with 'Delphine.' The little I saw of it boded ill, and I find a very bad false trick in it. Speak of virtue, dress him up with a captain's epaulettes, and then take him into the field of battle, —to let fly at him, in the sight of Heaven, with all the darts of Cupid! Madame de Staël incessantly does the wrong and preaches the right. How I hate these women, who, with greedy passions, talk to you all the while from a pulpit! That is

¹ Lamartine.

what you may find, however, in novels, and, people say, in the world, — which is the great romance itself. Every day a new leaf is turned for me; and what strange things I have to learn! Is it well? Probably it is well, for knowledge of things, for breadth of mind. So I look on, without being attracted, without making ties; and this independence of mind keeps me from stains of evil.

To-day has been as varied as the temperature itself; the sky has been like a painted sky, blue and grey, overswept by shining vapours. But what pencil could really copy these living hues? I might set the task - it would be a pretty picture - to M. William, the painter of the ideal. I think there is a good deal of reverie in him; I believe he has a passionate love of the beautiful, a tender, elevated, ardent nature, - such as presages a man of mark. I like M. William very much, judging from what I see, and from what you tell me, - you, the critic. But, above all things, I like in him that open-heartedness which you mention, and which is a charm so rarely met in the world. You found that in Maurice, too. Everything brings back my thoughts to him; to him I go on applying all that is beautiful. What a pity M. William did not know him, - did not paint his portrait! What a likeness we have lost! How the talent of M. William would have caught the beauty of that noble head!

I have just come in from the Rue Cherche-Midi, my Via Dolorosa. That Indian house is a house of sadness to me, and yet something takes me to it; his wife is there,—the name alone covers her as with a garment in my eyes; and there is no more to say.

We have had a musical evening; an Italian artisle; beautiful songs and ballads; and the effect upon my dear invalid has been very happy. She is, indeed, easily pleased,—so I distrust her judgments a little; they are only good-natured impressions. She criticises with her heart;—and that transposition of faculties.

8th.—The young man is dead; he died yesterday at eleven o'clock. Dead! I knew he must die; the thought stood always before me like a phantom; and yet I am dismayed by the fact. Ah, it is so for ever, — death always strikes us as a surprise; and this death stirs in me countless overwhelming recollections. The nature of his complaint; his fine brow; the little traits which I gathered of his goodness, his tenderness; the attractive charm of his character, that I-know-not-what, but by which cer-

tain natures (so to speak) magnetise everybody who approaches them; the attachment of his valet de chambre; his pious, Christian end, all these are affecting points of similarity. I wish I had been the Sister of Charity that received his last sigh. How often have I dreamed of being a Sister of Charity, that I might be near the dying who have no sisters, no relations! To supply what is lacking to them in love, to soothe their bodily pains, to point their souls to God, - is not that a beautiful vocation for a woman? How many times have I envied those on whom the lot has fallen! But that lot is not mine; no, nor that other lot. All these things will have passed me by. . . . To have no vows upon one's soul, - ah, it is to lack much. We fancy happiness lies in independence, and, lo, the contrary is the truth 1

noth. — The 'Delphine' has been sent back, without my having read it through; and I am not sorry. The passion of my mind is for books; but there are few that please me, or that I can get intimate with. And so with persons. You and Maurice are my favourites; I see you far above all the rest of those whom I meet. You two are of all men those who most fully content my soul. Oh that to you there did not lack

one thing! From that cause how much I suffer, and how often! When you are gone, and the subject comes up, they canvass your words and your principles, with a condemnation which is all the more painful to me that I cannot ward it off. Alas, indeed, my conscience takes part in it! Conscience often acts against the grain. I cannot bear to listen to things which do him harm, and do you wrong. I have heard a person speak of you as if you were really mad on this subject. You speculate recklessly, they say, on religious questions; and I never hear you approach them without feeling the pangs of that mother who saw her blind son put out in his boat to sea. Forgive the comparison, dear Jules; I withdraw it. Assuredly you do not want eyesight, - except the eyesight of faith.

16th. — Date only. I will write to-morrow. My heart is sad to-night; my head is weary.

17th. — There are things which I should have said yesterday, but which I cannot say to-day. I have seen you, — we have spoken; and that is enough to relieve my heart, to set free my mind again, to lift off that oppressive weight of thought and feeling which only you could take from me. So I am comforted; but though my burden is gone from me, the ache remains.

- always the dearest things, —an end that comes from no cause that the heart knows, but some hidden element of dissolution which mingles with them all! In the moment of union the seed of separation is sown. Cruel illusion for such as had believed in friendships that might be eternal. Let me learn the lesson. Let me—but the knowledge is bitter.
- . . . Who will remain to me? You, unshaken friend. I always desired a strong friendship, such as death only could overthrow, - a joy and a grief, alas! that I had in Maurice. No woman ever could, or ever can, take his place; no woman, however distinguished from the rest, could bring to me the same similarity of intelligence and of tastes, - a relation so large, so whole, so firmly fixed. There seems nothing fixed, nothing lasting, nothing vital in the feelings of women for each other; their mutual attachments are only pretty little bands of ribbon. I observe these slightly-built attachments among all circles of female friends; but must I conclude that women are incapable of loving each other in another way? I do not know any instance of it now, or even in history. Orestes and Pylades are sisterless. It makes me indignant to think of it. Can I

bear to reflect that you men carry something about in your breasts which we women have not? But then, we have the capacity of self-sacrifice.

- ... A beautiful voice in the street ... the only agreeable voice I have ever heard in the streets of Paris, where the voices seem thick and harsh. Degradation of soul makes itself heard in them all.
- ... It appears to me that we women are very ill-educated, and in a way quite contrary to the indications of our natural destiny. We have to suffer much, and they take away our energy; they cultivate our nerves, and our sensibilities, and our vanity; religion and morality, of course, but as matters external, without seeking to fill our souls with them, for our true guidance. . . . Sad to think of, ye poor little maidens all!
- 22nd. Nothing pains me more deeply than injustice, no matter who endures it, myself or another. It grieves me beyond belief to see somebody make excuses to a child who is in the wrong, and vice versa. The smallest deflection from the truth displeases me. Is this susceptibility a fault? I know not; nobody has ever told me it is. My father loves me too dearly to criticise me, to find any fault in me.

To judge another mind fairly, and see its faults, the eye must neither be too near nor too far off. You, Jules, are just at the right distance for looking at me justly, and seeing what I lack. I think I must lack a great many things. Before you leave us I will take your opinion. I wish to have your comments to keep by me as a proof of your affection. It is a duty to one's self to try and make perfect what one loves. We always will it so much that we cannot help speaking out our thoughts, even though we speak ill, or at ill times.

27th. - Writing and reading letters of condolence, and arranging things with poor M. de M-, who, with so much grief and so much to do, cannot manage everything himself; so I have been occupying my mind and my time in this way for some days past at the expense of these memoranda. The death of M. de Sainte-M- increases so much the load of sorrow which our afflicted friend has to bear that I spend as much time as I can with him, either to help him, or to divert his mind from his troubles. Many times I catch him with the tears in his eyes, though he turns away his head from his wife, that she may not see them. . . . Terrible secret! . . . a death secret in the heart which lies so close to that heart on

which the news of this death must fall like a blow, - a blow which Marie could not, at this moment, support. I cannot guess how terrible the news must be to her, even if she were well. What will she do when she learns that she has lost her father, - so good, so kind, so worthy of her love? All that was most lovable in him will rush upon her, and grasp her soul as with a phantom-embrace. Ah! she will have dreadful passion-fits of regret, - will not know how to mourn him enough; she will think herself the most unhappy of daughters. At the bottom of her heart she clung to her father; and excellently tender her heart is below the surface. She never failed to see the noble qualities of her father, - his elevation of spirit, of heart, of understanding. Not a common man in all these particulars! a rare man in uprightness of principle, in strength of mind, in lovableness, in enlightened piety! His piety, indeed, I particularly admired, - it was so characteristic, so free, so cheerful, so vivid; there was something soldierly about it, - the man of the camp enlisted in the service of God, conquered wholly by faith. So Maurice had told me, and so I saw for myself. Naturally, the man might have been an Othello, - a vehement, terrible sort of man; and, indeed, now and then certain spurts of violence disclosed the original basis of the man's nature. But in a general way he was so self-controlling, that, to any one who knew him closely, he was a fine study of the power of conscience. Then, how good-natured he was, how easy, how willing to be pleased! It was in the intimacies of life, in the uncurtained moments, that he really showed himself as he was, and made himself loved so much. He used to call me his daughter, and I returned the tender compliment by calling him father. But, alas! why do we increase the number of our loves? It is laying up griefs for the future. I cannot help grieving deeply for M. de Sainte-M ---; I shall always venerate his memory with a pious tenderness, and think of him as a saint beloved.

2nd October. — Upon our return from the Palais-Royal I lie down in my room and think over our conversation. A woman said that, for her, friendship was a velvet couch in a boudoir. Very nice; but let me be outside of the boudoir, sitting on a lofty peak, high above the world. To sit apart from all in this way delights me in the same manner.

3rd. — Disturbed yesterday upon my mountain-top. I resume this Journal only to close it, because I find I cannot write in peace. To-day

is Sunday; happily, I breathed in strength and calmness at church, enough to enable me to withstand a vigorous assault from the world without.

VI.

[1842. Rivières.]—'T is long since I have written, but there are days that one does not like to lose, and I must not let this day pass unrecorded, so full as it has been of emotions. of tears. Strange power of places, of memory! It was to this place, to R-, that he used frequently to come in vacation time, - a glad student, playing in the fields, and leaping the waterfalls with the children from the château. We have been recalling these times, and speaking of him, - talking familiarly, and at length, with this good, kind, perfect Madame de R--. She wept. How impatient I was to see her, in order that we might do this, - might speak of Maurice! I found, in doing so, a joy in the very heart of grief, - an unutterable sweetness in tears. . . . And I, my God, am living, with the living, this day! What touched me very much was to see a college box of his, in which he went halves with little G-, for keeping his books. It has been carefully kept, and now I have been asked to give it away as a souvenir. Some of these simple things go to the very heart.

Opened by accident an album, in which I found recorded the death of Maurice - death everywhere! I was very much affected to find it there in those private pages, the journal of a young girl, who had kept it, as it were, in her very heart. Surely this unexpected tribute to the memory of Maurice is the tenderest of any. How true that is: he was the life of us all! No one who knows us could help saying it. There are beings, there are hearts, of an order that furnish forth so much for other hearts that the others seem to live by that borrowed life. Maurice was to me as a source of being: from him to me flowed friendship, sympathy, counsel, sweet possibilities of life springing from the sweetness of my converse with him; he was the leaven of my thought, the sustenance of my soul. Lost friend divine! it is God alone can fill the void in my heart.

. . . To hope or to fear for another is the sole thing which can give to humanity the fulfilled consciousness of its own being.

[31st December. Cayla.] — 'T was my habit once to end the year, in thought, with some-

body, — with Maurice. Now he is dead my thought is unshared, dumb; and I keep that to myself which over these decays and falls of time climbs back to eternity. . . . A last day, how sad, how awful it is!

THE END.









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